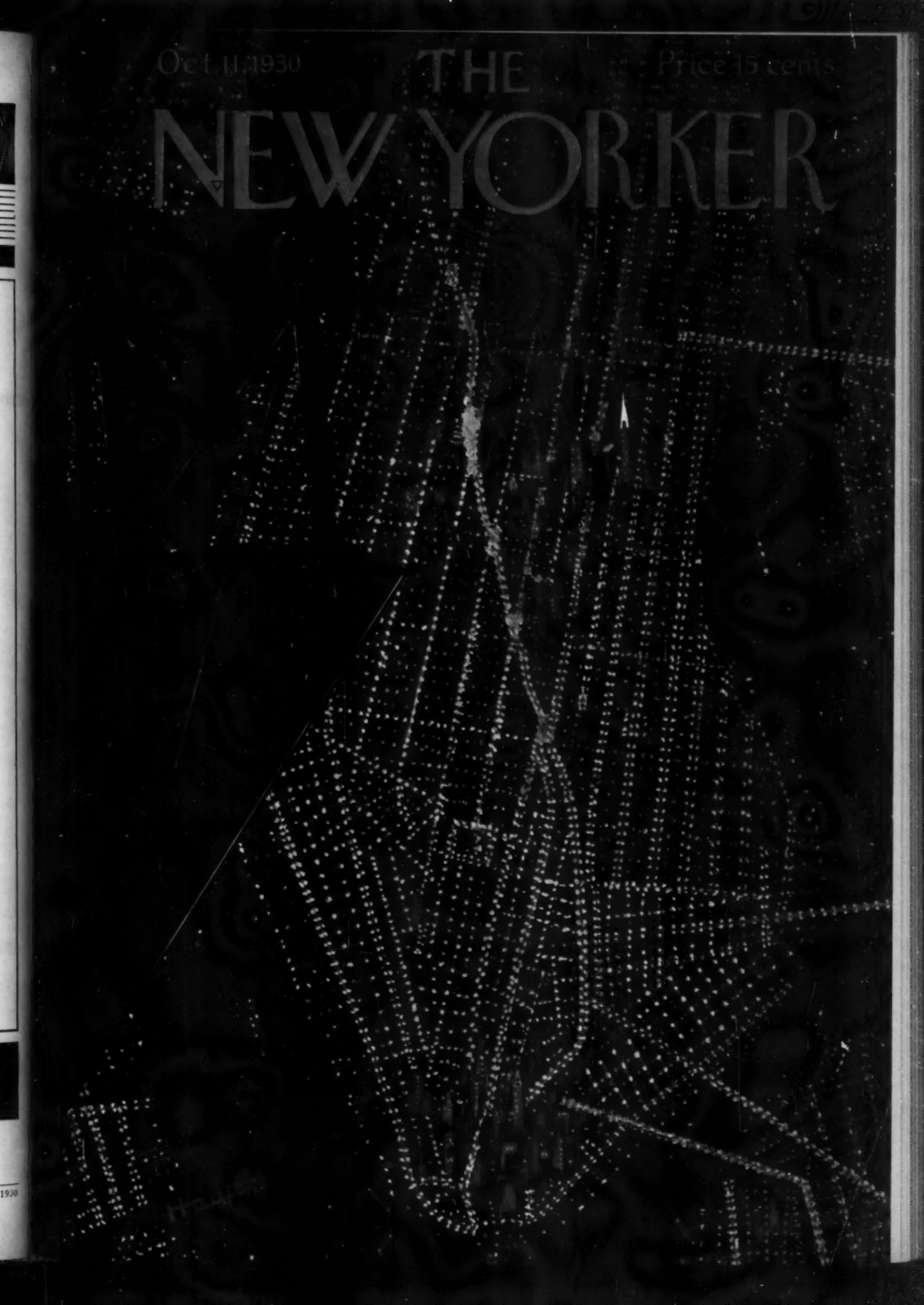
Oct. 11, 1930

# THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



She is the cynosure of fashion. About her lingers the very elusiveness of style .. the impalpable bouquet of Lotus d'Or .. veiling her in mystery while the smart world wonders.

# Lenthéric PARIS

*Ses Parfums*

245 RUE SAINT-HONORÉ · PARIS · FRANCE THE LENTHÉRIC SALON AT FIFTH AVENUE & 58th STREET · NEW YORK ALSO AT ALL HOUSES OF FASHION

## Our Exploration Expedition into Darkest Debit

*Announces as its interesting findings . . . that women don't spend all their days in glittering gowns of more than Oriental splendor . . . but that the very smartest of them have quantities of slick little inexpensive frocks as well . . . and the new place to buy them . . . make a note of this in case you haven't heard of it before . . . is the delightfully complete fifth floor shop at Hollander's.*

**L. P. HOLLANDER CO., 3 EAST 57 STREET**

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18]

### *THE THEATRE*

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" and at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

#### *PLAYS*

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"Romeo and Juliet," with Miss Le Gallienne as Juliet. (Fri., Tues., and Sat. Eves., Oct. 10, 14, and 18; Sat. and Thurs. Mats., Oct. 11 and 16.) . . . "The Lady from Alfaqueque," Spanish light comedy; preceded by Schnitzler's "The Green Cockatoo." (Sat. and Thurs. Eves., Oct. 11 and 16; Sat. Mat., Oct. 18.) . . . "Three Sisters," revival of Chekhov's play. (Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., Oct. 13, 15, and 17.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

A FAREWELL TO ARMS—They have fixed the last act of this dramatization of Ernest Hemingway's novel which may have helped it. The second act was good anyway. Glenn Anders and Elissa Landi are the chief sufferers in this tale of love on the Italian front. (National, 41, W.)

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER—Grace George and A. E. Matthews in St. John Ervine's entertaining treatment of the old story of the smart wife and the errant husband. (Playhouse, 48 E. Extra Mat. Mon., Oct. 13. Closes Sat., Oct. 18.)

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT—Life among the kept women, with some pretty funny banter but not much else. (Harris, 42, W.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—Marc Connelly's beautiful Old Testament epic told in terms of an old Negro's imagination. The best thing of the year. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M.)

LADIES ALL—The hilarious history of a complete amorist in a quandary. Violet Heming and Walter Woolf are in it. (Morosco, 45, W.)

THE LAST MILE—An intensely interesting and finely depressing account of an attempted jailbreak and the causes leading up to it. (Ambassador, 49, W.)

LYSISTRATA—Good hearty slapstick from the Greek of Aristophanes, with good hearty sex as its theme. The players include Blanche Yurka and Ernest Truex. (44th Street, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

MR. GILHOOLEY—Helen Hayes and Arthur Sinclair in a dramatization of the O'Flaherty story of the young girl who lived with a middle-aged man out of gratitude and got killed for it. Two important performances. (Broadhurst, 44, W. 8:40 P.M.)

MRS. MOONLIGHT—A story, not so quaint as it sounds, of how a young girl grew old and still looked like a young girl. Very nice. Cast headed by Sir Guy Standing, Haidee Wright, and Edith Barrett. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E.)

NINE TILL SIX—There are no men in this little play, because it all takes place in the back rooms of a London milliner's shop. But there are some very nice English girls, and one of them steals a dress! (Ritz, 48, W.)

THE NINTH GUEST—Wholesale killings which may not exactly upset you but which have a certain macabre interest. (Eltinge, 42, W.)

ONCE IN A LIFETIME—Hollywood put over the coals in such a hilarious fashion that the city's walls ought to come tumbling down. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

ONE, TWO, THREE!—Arthur Byron in a comic tour de force of Molnar's dealing with a magnate who, by sheer go-getter power, transformed a taxi-driver into a count in one hour. Worth seeing just for Mr. Byron, and for Ruth Gordon's performance in "The Violet" which precedes it. (Henry Miller, 43, E. Mat. Thurs.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Light comedy which might have been salacious if it weren't so nice and clean. Easily the best of its class. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SYMPHONY IN TWO FLATS—Ivor Novello in his own play about two floors of a studio apartment and what happens on each. Upstairs is better than downstairs. (Shubert, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

THAT'S GRATITUDE—Frank Craven isn't as embarrassed in this as usual, but he makes an appealing character out of a house guest who extends his visit just a bit too long. (Golden, 58, E. 8:40 P.M.)

TORCH SONG—The story of how Love survived Religion, with Mayo Methot as the Salvation Army lass who tried both. (Plymouth, 45, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

UP POPS THE DEVIL—Some very funny lines indeed, set in a fairly conventional comedy of young married misunderstandings. Roger Pryor, Albert Hackett, and Sally Bates are in the fine cast. (Masque, 45, W.)

#### *WITH MUSIC*

EARL CARROLL VANITIES—Jimmie Savo, Jack Benny, Herb Williams, and Patsy Kelly are four as funny people as could be crowded into one show. This particular show happens to be very dirty. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

FINE AND DANDY—Joe Cook in what looks like a solid year's run—and why not? Why stop at a year? (Erlanger, 44, W.)

FLYING HIGH—Bert Lahr neighing his way, amid constant screams from the audience, through a good musical show which boasts a DeSylva-Brown-and-Henderson score and Oscar Shaw. (Apollo, 42, W.)

THE GARRICK GAIETIES—Reopens Tues. Eve., Oct. 14. Revised edition, with new players and new material. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs.)

NINA ROSA—A good, robust musical comedy about Peru, with voices, dancing, and an occasional laugh. Guy Robertson, Ethelind Terry, Leonard Ceeley, and Armida are among those present. (Majestic, 44, W.)

THE SECOND LITTLE SHOW—Not, as everyone has so well said, as good as last year's, but diverting enough. Al Trahan and Jay Flippen work at the comedy and Marion Harris and others, especially the chorus, handle the rest. (Royale, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

•

LA ARGENTINA—Return of the brilliant Spanish dancer. (Town Hall, 43, E. Tues., Thurs., and Fri. Eves., Oct. 14, 16, and 17. 8:30 P.M.)

VAUDEVILLE—Gracie Fields, Clayton, Jackson, and Durante, and Dave Apollon will be at the Palace, Fri., Oct. 10. The Marx Brothers will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Oct. 11. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

#### *OPENINGS OF NOTE*

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent late changes by managers.)

GIRL CRAZY—A new show with music by George Gershwin. With Willie Howard, Ginger Rogers, and William Kent. Opens Tues., Oct. 14. (Alvin, 52, W. 8:30 P.M.)

PRINCESS CHARMING—An operetta, with Evelyn Herbert, Victor Moore, and George Grossmith. Opens Tues., Oct. 14. (Imperial, 45, W. 8:30 P.M.)

SOLID SOUTH—Richard Bennett in a play by Lawton Campbell. Opens Tues., Oct. 14. (Lyceum, 45, E. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

THREE'S A CROWD—A revue by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, with Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen. Opens Wed., Oct. 15. (Selwyn, 42, W. 8:30 P.M.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

BROWN BUDDIES—A Negro musical comedy, with Bill Robinson and Adelaide Hall. (Liberty, 42, W. 8:30 P.M.)

STEPDAUGHTERS OF WAR—Kenyon Nicholson's adaptation of Helen Zenna Smith's novel, with Katherine Alexander. (Empire, B'way at 40. 8:30 P.M.)

### *AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT*

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Joseph Urban décor and Leo Reisman's orchestra.*

CLUB EL PATIO, 134 W. 52 (Circle 4863)—Dancing to Emil Coleman's music; entertainment by Rosita and Ramon, and Frances Maddux.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—

(Continued on page 12)

### DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE


| | Page |
|---|---|
| THE THEATRE | 34 |
| SHOUTS AND MURMURS | 40 |
| MUSICAL EVENTS | 43 |
| CONCERT-MUSIC RECORDS | 44 |
| FOOTBALL | 53 |
| THE RACE TRACK | 56 |
| ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: FEMININE FASHIONS | 60 |
| HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS | 70 |
| THE CURRENT CINEMA | 75 |
| NEW APARTMENTS | 79 |
| A REPORTER AT LARGE | 80 |
| LONDON LETTER | 83 |
| THE ART GALLERIES | 85 |
| RECENT BOOKS | 88 |
| AMONG THE NEW BOOKS | 91 |


THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 8200

*The four eyelet Oxford with built-up leather heel, 15.00*

*The classic Opera pump with built-up leather heel, 15.00*

*The "Trotteur" strap pump with built-up leather heel, 15.00*

THESE MODELS ALSO COME WITH COVERED LEATHER HEELS

Entire Contents Copyrighted by Best & Co., Inc., 1930

# OXBLOOD CALFSKIN SHOES

## "FIRST AT BEST'S"

Paris has preferred Oxblood calfskin for trotteur wear for two seasons. Patou's mannequins wear it with tweeds and jerseys. More formal than the familiar tan, it's "right" with all the new deep greens, rich red browns, and "off blacks". Best's introduced it to America, —and added a flexible turned sole in place of the heavy welt type generally found in walking shoes. It's an innovation you'll welcome.

SIXTH FLOOR

**Best & Co.**
FIFTH AVENUE

ADVERTISING PAGES REMOVED



(Continued from page 10)

Reopened for the season. Dances by Moss and Fontana; songs by Deslys and Clark. Must dress.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Dancing by Cortez and Peggy, and music by Sherbo's Continentals. Must dress.

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Vincent Lopez music and new dances by Gomez and Winona. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—Rudy Vallée and his band playing in agreeable surroundings.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Some of the more interesting places of this type are: Club Abbey, 203 W. 54, popular with the stay-out-all-nights. . . . Club Argonaut, 151 W. 54, open till dawn, with Texas Guinan and her gang. . . . Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, open all night, with Florence and her crowd back from Paris. . . . Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, with no cover charge and a rough but entertaining revue.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), with Walter O'Keefe as master of ceremonies. . . . Don Dickerman's Daffydil, 46 W. 8 (Spring 0223), featuring Hal Kemp and his orchestra, and a miniature golf course in the backyard. . . . For informal and inexpensive evenings: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

NOTES—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians play in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45.* . . . Will Osborne has opened a new supper club at 159 W. 49.*

### MOTION PICTURES

THE BIG HOUSE—Stirring scenes of prison life, including a riot. With a story that isn't so brilliant. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.)

HELL'S ANGELS—Warring airplanes and Zeppelins magnificently presented, the general effect lessened by a mediocre story. You see all the flying if you arrive about 9:20 and leave by 10:30—our advice. (Criterion, B'way at 44; and Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—A very fine picture of the play, with Colin Clive. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Fri., Oct. 10. Also, Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Thurs. and Fri., Oct. 16 and 17; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

LINCOLN—The great story interpreted by D. W. Griffith, and ably acted by Walter Huston. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

THE OFFICE WIFE—The big businessman and his stenographer, realistically enacted by Lewis Stone and Dorothy Mackaill. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

OLD ENGLISH—Exquisite portrayal of an octogenarian by George Arliss. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

OUTWARD BOUND—Sutton Vane's comedy of the Hereafter, with Leslie Howard and, for the most part, a fine cast. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

ROMANCE—Greta Garbo, more beautiful than ever, as the opera singer who makes the clergyman forget his flock. (Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 Ave.; Sat. through Tues., Oct. 11-14. Also, Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 15-17; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

WHOOPEE—An all-color screening of Eddie Cantor's Broadway success, with Mr. Cantor much in evidence. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—Where you can take your fill of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Africa Speaks," another journey through the wilds, but with some striking surprises; "All Quiet on the Western Front," the best German war novel made into the best and most savagely terrifying picture of life in the trenches; "Animal Crackers," the torrential Marx Brothers again; "Moby Dick," of interest for some of its sea scenes, with John Barrymore; "Monte Carlo," a lightly

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18]

turned and brightly tuned little piece, with Jack Buchanan and Jeanette MacDonald.

### ART

COROT AND DAUMIER—A great satirist and a great poet hang side by side. Opening Thurs., Oct. 16: Museum of Modern Art, 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; 8 to 10 P.M. (except Sat.); Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

DÉBUT—A new gallery devoted to popular French, showing Cézanne, Renoir, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Picasso, Matisse, and Derain: Marie Harriman, 61 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

LANDSCAPES—The American boys who stayed here show their summer homework. Brook, Kuhn, Hart, and Weber are among those present: Downtown Gallery, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Wed. 8 to 10 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.

MODERN FRENCH—Annual opening show of the more popular sellers: Kraushaar, 680 5 Ave., above 53. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

NEW MEMBERS—Live young art; Schary, Cikowsky, Soyer, and others who are being admitted to the Daniel temple of art: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

PICASSO—Drawings and gouaches on view in a new gallery: John Becker, 520 Madison, above 53. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

### MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

#### RECITALS

CELIA BRANZ—Recital début of a Roxy favorite: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Oct. 10.

WALTER GIESEKING—Return of a master pianist. Two recitals: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Oct. 12; and McMillin Academic Theatre, Columbia University, Sat. Eve., Oct. 18.

FLORENCE EASTON—An erstwhile Metropolitan prima donna in songs and snatches of opera: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Oct. 13.

ALFRED WALLENSTEIN—The Philharmonic-Symphony's able solo 'cellist in recital: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Oct. 14.

LOUISE HOMER—One of our most distinguished singers opens a new concert hall: Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58, Tues. Eve., Oct. 14.

WINIFRED CHRISTIE—Demonstration of the new double-keyboard piano: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Oct. 15.

RUGGIERO RICCI—The most prodigious of recent prodigies and his violin: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Oct. 17.

SEVERIN EISENBERGER—A pianist who made a fine début last season: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Oct. 18.

KATHERINE BACON—A standby in local piano concerts begins her year: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Oct. 18.

HAROLD BAUER—More fine piano-playing this day: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Oct. 18.

#### ORCHESTRAS

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Kleiber conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Oct. 10, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Oct. 11, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Oct. 12; Thurs. Eve., Oct. 16, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Oct. 17, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Oct. 18, at 8:45.

### ON THE AIR

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Kleiber conducting: Sun. Aft., Oct. 12, at 3, over WABC.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Stokowski conducting: Sun. Aft., Oct. 12, at 5, over WEAF.

RICHARD BONELLI—Baritone soloist, in Atwater-Kent Hour: Sun. Eve., Oct. 12, at 9:15, over WEAF.

MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Verbrugghen conducting: Mon. Eve., Oct. 13, at 9, over WABC.

ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA—Harrison conducting, in Stromberg-Carlson Hour: Mon. Eve., Oct. 13, at 10, over WJZ.

PHILCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Barlow conducting: Tues. Eve., Oct. 14, at 9:30, over WABC.

FOOTBALL GAMES—Sat. Aft., Oct. 11: Army vs. Swarthmore, at 2:30, over WEAF; Navy vs. Notre Dame, at 3, over WJZ; Princeton vs. Brown, at 2:30, over WOR. . . . Sat. Aft., Oct. 18: Harvard vs. Army, at 2, over WEAF and WABC; Wisconsin vs. Pennsylvania, at 3, over WJZ.

KNUTE ROCKNE—Interviewed by Grantland Rice, in Coca-Cola Hour: Wed. Eve., Oct. 15, at 10:30, over WEAF.

### SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Jack Kid Berg vs. Billy Petrolle, Fri. Eve., Oct. 10; Midget Wolgast vs. Frankie Genaro, for flyweight championship, Fri. Eve., Oct. 17; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—(Directions for reaching fields are noted at end of this item.)

Fri., Oct. 10, at 8:30 P.M.—Manhattan vs. Oglethorpe, Polo Grounds.

Sat., Oct. 11, at 2:30 P.M.—Yale vs. Georgia, New Haven. . . . Princeton vs. Brown, Princeton. . . . Columbia vs. Wesleyan, Baker Field. . . . N.Y.U. vs. Villanova, Yankee Stadium. . . . C.C.N.Y. vs. Seton Hall, Lewisohn Stadium. . . . Army vs. Swarthmore, West Point.

Sat., Oct. 18, at 2 P.M.—Yale vs. Brown, New Haven. . . . Princeton vs. Cornell, Princeton. . . . Harvard vs. Army, Boston. . . . N.Y.U. vs. Missouri, Yankee Stadium (2:30 P.M.). . . . C.C.N.Y. vs. Mass. Agricultural, Lewisohn Stadium (2:30 P.M.).

Directions to fields—Polo Grounds: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3. . . . Baker Field, B'way at 218: take B'way subway to 215 St. . . . Yankee Stadium: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway. . . . Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam at 136: take B'way subway to 137 St. or Bus No. 5.

The last trains which get you to out-of-town games in time leave: for New Haven, from Grand Central, 11:45 A.M. and 12 Noon; for Princeton, from Penn. Sta., 12:20 P.M.; for West Point, from W. 42 St. ferry, West Shore R.R., 12:15 P.M.; for Boston, from Grand Central, 7 A.M.

HUNT RACE MEETS—Ensign Sweepstake Steeplechases: Mount Kisco, N.Y., Sat. Aft., Oct. 11. . . . Monmouth County Racing Association: Red Bank, N.J., Sat. Aft., Oct. 18.

RACING—Jamaica track: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:55 P.M.)

### OTHER EVENTS

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—French and English furniture, tapestries, and carpets, from the collection of Baumgarten & Co.: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Oct. 10 and 11, at 2:15. . . . The Library of the late John Nolty: Mon. through Wed. Afts., Oct. 13-15, at 2:15. . . . The Herter collection of French and Italian furniture and decorations: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Oct. 17 and 18, at 2:15.

NOTE—The last two registration days for the November elections are Fri. and Sat., Oct. 10 and 11.

THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

*Notes and Comment*

THINGS stick in our head. An announcement in the *World*: "Pauline Cleaver will conduct a class in Making Thinking Fashionable at the Woodstock Tower, 320 East 42d Street, on Friday afternoons at 3:30 from Oct. 10 to Nov. 12." What's funny about that? People huddling together to get the lowdown on Thinking. A gregarious breed, all in a room, forcing the little bulbs of thought for early-winter bloom. Fashion says: Think!

We can't get this out of our noddle. The popularity of thought. Somehow it suggests the Great Infirmity, smells of the fever-bed that Thought lies in. Making thinking fashionable is a lewd trick of the day—like making travel romantic. Our élite want to Have

Thoughts, as our middle classes want to Go Places. Read the travel ads—the smooth schedules of adventure, the fussy timetables of romance. Even leisure is sold at cut rates. Even thinking can be arranged for, on Friday afternoons.

Something is lost in the world, we don't know what to call it: the sufficiency of being animal, perhaps; the feeling of having established a hookup with earth, sensually. In such a state, fashionable thought and artificial mobility are either phony or superfluous. The essence of thought is an original feeling, or a feeling of origins—a unique experience these busy times. Writers, presumably a thoughtful species, are diluted by the new mechanics of expression—the immediate fruition of even the weakest seedling of thought. The word is awaited, and with millions needed there can be no delay. A journalist's after-coffee meditations, a critic's eleven-o'clock reactions, go so fast to press they turn up smelling of burned conclusions. It is a writer's fear of the consequences of quick and attenuated thought that causes him to rib his ideas with satirical implications and humorous inferences, playing safe. Our objection to people thinking in a tower in Forty-second Street is that it makes them selfconscious, voluntary thought being extremely debilitating and devitalizing to boot. Unfortunately, the little granules of essential thought are not a community product at all—they are merely a by-product of loneliness. They come pricking through when the blood is rich; or, if they are found at all by anyone searching, it is in unlikely places—under the radiator in the hall, in the pocket of an old suit.

GET a feather, will you, and knock us over! We had just received the most elegant invitation from the Board of Governors of the Central Park Casino (who, we thought, were mad at us) asking us to attend a Gala Fashion Dinner in honor of a couple of concerns named Bonwit Teller and Jay-Thorpe. We had got out our pearl studs and were just shaving, all aquiver at the thought of a free meal, when our helpmeet—she of the watchful eyes—came running to us, invitation in hand. Dinner, it appeared in small, almost imperceptible type down at the bottom of the card, was ten dollars. Ten dollars to look at fashions indeed! What's happened to the old days of respectable corruption and decent graft, when a man could go to a Casino-Department Store celebration and eat himself green in the face, courtesy of the dress-goods trade? These Grand Jury investigations have gone far enough.

NOW that both parties have written a repeal plank into their platforms, we feel justified in thumbing idly through the pages of a little book of cocktail recipes which has come to hand. It is issued, fully illustrated with

pictures of fine old rye whiskies that have ripened in oak casks, by the Distillers Corporation—Seagrams Limited, 1430 Peel Street (opp. Mt. Royal Hotel), Montreal. We pause at the recipe for the New Yorker cocktail: one teaspoonful fine sugar, juice of half lemon, one portion Golden Wedding Pure Rye Whiskey; fill with ice, stir well, strain into sour glass, float a little claret on top, and serve. Somewhat mournfully we recall that, no matter what the political developments, we haven't got a drop of claret in the house.

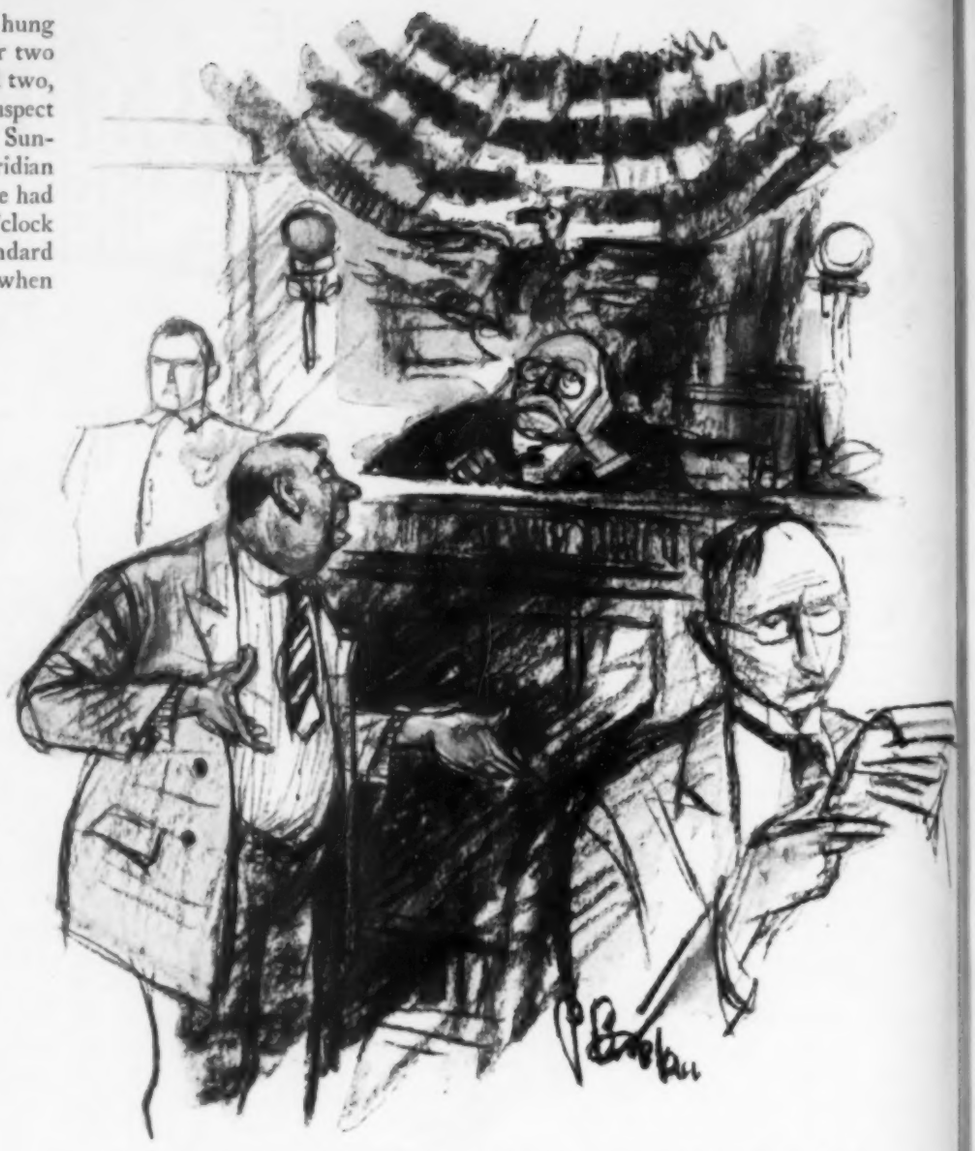
ONE of our readers, it turns out, went through an embarrassing and exhausting experience trying to follow our directions about setting the clock back at the conclusion of Daylight Saving. We said: "Go to bed an hour later, but first set the hands of the clock

one hour to the *left*." Along toward one o'clock—his usual bedtime—our reader yawned and set his clock, as we directed, one hour to the left. Then he got into bed. Once in bed he recalled our admonition to retire one hour

later. He arose, dutifully, and hung around the apartment, waiting for two o'clock. It was between one and two, by his clock, that he began to suspect that something had gone wrong. Sunday (after a brief talk with Meridian 1212) he finally concluded that he had got to sleep at either five or six o'clock by either Daylight Saving or Standard Time, still trying to figure out when we had wished him to turn in. Well, we couldn't go around putting all our readers to bed personally that night.

### *Courtesy of the Road*

THERE was an accident in one of the Westchester highways recently—just a minor one involving a lady driving north and a gentleman driving south. The cars collided. Both drivers climbed out. The lady turned out to be unqualifiedly apologetic. "It was all my fault," she said. "I was away over on the wrong side of the road. I can't imagine what I was thinking of. It was my fault entirely." The gentleman stopped her with a courtly gesture. "Not at all, Madam," he replied gallantly, "not at all. I saw you coming for half a mile at least, and I could easily have turned down any side road and got out of your way."



*"He offered me five grand to swing the proposition. I couldn't refuse—you know how it is, Yer Honor."*

• •

### *Jimmy Valentine*

MR. JOHN R. GERARDO is another of those gentlemen with an interesting occupation. He is a specialist in opening trunks in emergencies, and his boast is that he can open, repair, or duplicate any baggage lock manufactured. He is a great help to people who shut their keys up in the trunk, or lose them. Gerardo got his first job with a locksmith in Lafayette Street when he was fourteen and has now been working with keys and keyholes for twenty-seven years. He has a shop, frequented by anxious people, in West Thirty-first Street, with four assistants.

The lockman goes out on calls, like a doctor. Not long ago a distracted woman phoned him that three locksmiths had failed to open her trunk. Taking along two bunches of keys, a small file, and a hammer, Gerardo went over and spent ten minutes fiddling delicately with the lock. Suddenly he gave one of his keys a few delicate scrapes with the file and when he tried it again the lock flew open. Gerardo says he has a "Jimmy Valentine touch." His fingers are highly sensitized. Also he has a kind of intuition. Since that incident, the same lady has called him in three times to open the same trunk. "One of my steadiest customers," says Gerardo.

Once a gentleman drove up to the lockshop bringing a trunk in an automobile. He said his wife had threatened to divorce him if the trunk were not opened that day. The distracted fellow had been driving around, from smithy to smithy, since nine o'clock and here it was three. Gerardo studied the lock, frowned, went to a key rack, frowned, took a key off its hook, and opened the trunk with it. This becomes immensely more interesting when you learn that his stock of keys totals ten thousand, the largest in New York. Yet he often opens a trunk with the first key he tries.

Gerardo's services are solicited frequently by the railroads, hotels, and the police. He opens lost or suspicious-looking baggage for them. Detectives often want to examine a piece of baggage without the knowledge of the owner. Occasionally, in their zeal, they break a lock and Gerardo is called on to put on a new lock, identical with the old one, so that the owner won't know the bag or trunk has been tampered with. He gets all kinds of odd commissions. One of his hardest jobs was changing the locks on eight trunks of

different make so that all the locks could be opened by one master key. When Madame Duse visited New York some years ago she asked him to construct a special shallow trunk which was to contain a wall portrait. Just what portrait it was that the great actress took this special care about, he never found out. He didn't get a look at it.

Gerardo's greatest joy is a lock problem, the harder the better. Combination trunks delight him. He says none has ever stumped him. He hits on the combination by patiently working until he finds the right sequence of numbers.

### *Big Question*

MATISSE arrived in town again last week. An American of position gave a luncheon in his honor and he was seated next an American painter who spoke both French and English. Hardly had his guests been seated when the host essayed conversation. Impressing the American painter into service as interpreter, he propounded this query: "What do you think of art in America?" The noted French modern listened to the translation of this, took a sip of wine, puckered his brow. Finally he said: "Has he no little questions?"

Friends of Matisse had several things in mind for him to do on Tuesday afternoon but the visitor would have none of them. He went out to the Bronx Zoo and spent most of the afternoon in the vicinity of the black panther's cage. He discovered the black panther during his last visit here several months ago and it was the thing he most wanted to see upon his return. He thinks the black panther is one of the most beautiful things in the world.

### *Blooey!*

A WORKMAN accidentally dropped a fifty-pound box of dynamite down a hundred-foot shaft in Brooklyn one day three years ago, and then ran like the devil, thinking every leap would be his last. Nothing happened. Dynamite is temperamental; sometimes, when you drop it, it explodes, but usually not; and sometimes, in a fire, it will go off, but more often it will burn up peaceably. Out West old miners have been known to light a stick of it with a match, laughingly, to tease tenderfeet. The commonest bad result from handling dynamite is headache, caused by the nitroglycerin. Some dynamite-workers become immune, others become aspirin-eaters.

All this we learned from a man in the Division of Combustibles of the Fire Department, who says his is a busy office. Every stick of dynamite and every detonating cap in town is registered and kept track of there. The dynamite, which comes mostly from the DuPont plant, is brought into the city on special barges, flying red flags by day, showing a big red light by night. Eleven tons of explosives, mostly dynamite, are used in Greater New York every day. More than a hundred and fifty contractors are blasting right now, but there are never more than one or two deaths a year and these are usually caused by unexploded sticks which lie around, forgotten, and are hit by a pickaxe or a drill.

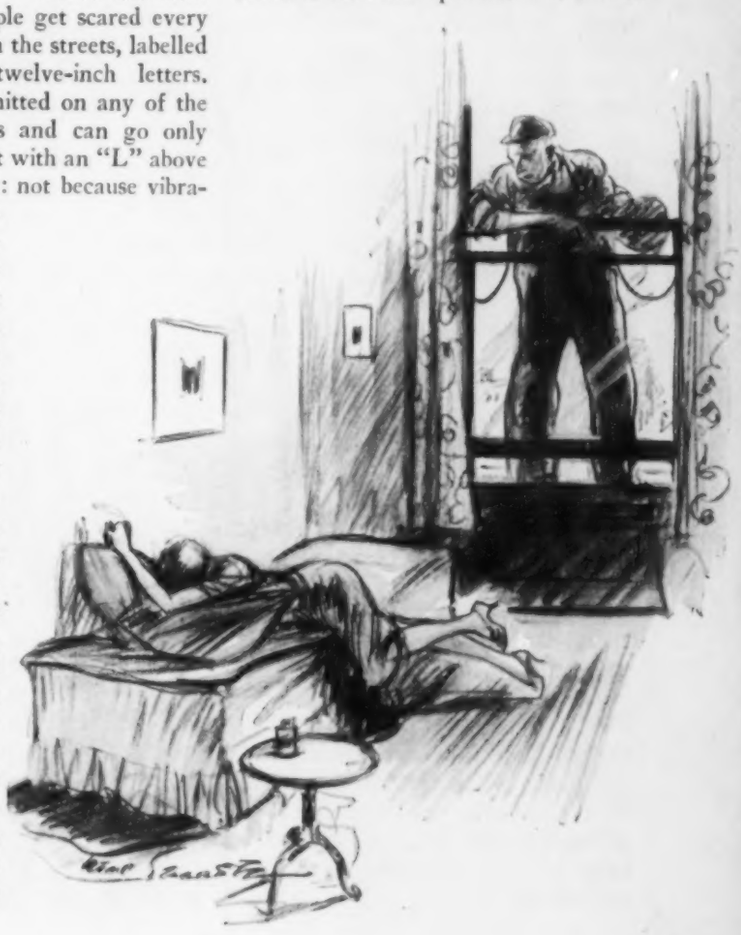
Special, licensed power launches bring the dynamite from the barges to the seven piers where it is allowed to be landed. It is transported around town, as you probably know, in vermilion-colored electric trucks. They have special bumpers, are lined with sheet iron, and are built to withstand fire for at least an hour. Only one has ever burned up—in Brooklyn, five years ago. Workmen unloaded it in time. None of the trucks has ever blown up, but people get scared every time they see one in the streets, labelled "Explosives" in twelve-inch letters. They are not permitted on any of the East River bridges and can go only one block in a street with an "L" above or a subway below: not because vibration is likely to make the cargo explode, but because the city doesn't want its bridges or railroads blown to Kingdom Come in the event that something just did happen. They say it would take a tremendous wallop to explode a truck, something like being jammed against an "L" post by a trolley going at full speed. Even then explosion would be unlikely. You can rest easy when you know that five hundred million pounds of dynamite were transported from here to there in the United States as a whole, last year, without accident.

You have noticed the great care taken to protect plate-glass windows in a dynamiting area—they are held firmly by blocks of wood and taut wires. An interesting fact is that if the windows were left unprotected and were broken, the glass would fall *out*—toward the explosion—and not in, as you might expect; this because a tremendous vacuum is caused by a big explosion and the air inside the building rushes out to fill it, taking the glass with it and sometimes even brick walls.

One of the worst moments the Combustibles Division ever had was during the war, when sixty tons of depth bombs loaded with T.N.T., and intended for the Italian government, were standing on a Brooklyn pier (Brooklyn seems to be the headquarters of explosive panics) and a four-alarm fire broke out on an adjacent pier. Luckily the wind blew away from the T.N.T. pier and the bombs were removed before it veered.

### *Official Solution*

A BACHELOR who has an apartment in the Village returned to town to find his apartment had been



ransacked and robbed. He called the police, and shortly an officer arrived. He prowled all over, asked questions, made notes, and then sat down and thought quietly a little while. Suddenly he came right out with his matured and mellowed conclusion. "Listen," said he. "Whyn't get out of this neighborhood and move some place else, some place like Jackson Heights, or Jamaica?" The startled citizen protested that he didn't want to move, certainly not to a place so far away. "O.K.," said the policeman. "It's up to you, it's up to you. But I been on this beat down here two years, and I'd never draw an easy breath about my belongings if *I* lived here."

## *Welcome to the City*

NEW YORK doesn't really give out a key to the city to distinguished visitors. Only free cities of feudal history, such as Paris, can hand over a key and have it mean anything. Instead, New York gives scrolls, engraved with suitable messages, or medals. The medals are designed by various artists. The scrolls are all written by one man, Mr. Hector Fuller, an Englishman born, an advertising man by profession. He has no official post; he's just an old friend of the Mayor, and is expert at getting up scrolls.

Mr. Fuller's first scroll was prepared during Hylan's day. The occasion was a big Christmas party given by the Mayor for city employees. The scroll was to be read by Miss Columbia, portrayed by a young lady employee. When her moment came, Miss Columbia got stagefright and collapsed, and Mr. Fuller had to hurry up to the stage and do the reading himself.

The scrolls given out now are pretty elaborate. You may remember, for instance, that there was some talk about the high cost of the one given Captain Fried after the rescue of the Antinoë. That was the swellest ever issued. It had a picture of a sinking ship at the top and divers illuminations around the border. The message, as usual, was in antique script. It was so antique this time that Mayor Walker had to have a typewritten copy concealed inside, so he could get it straight. The scroll was wound on ebony rods, ornamented at the ends with solid gold knobs, and it cost nine hundred dollars, which was what set people complaining. Since then no other, not even Lindbergh's, has been so costly.

Nowadays, though the Mayor is officially the welcomer, Mr. Fuller usually reads the welcome. It may be because Mr. Walker fears he might have difficulty with the antique writing, or because Mr. Fuller has a sonorous voice and a solemn manner. Once, however, he got tangled up himself. He referred to Ramsay MacDonald as "the Prime Minister of the United States." A few people tittered. Sir Esme Howard nudged him and whispered "*Britain,* Britain, old fellow," and he corrected himself. Later he got a little note of thanks from Mr. MacDonald which expressed the hope that he hadn't been embarrassed by the slip. Another thing came up when Mr. Fuller got up a scroll for Marie of Rumania which referred to her as "Imperial Majesty." This was wrong, as Rumania is not an empire. Aside from these two minor slipups everything has gone smoothly with the scrolls. The sound is important with these documents, and Mr. Fuller is regarded as having an ideal style for them—full, round syllables and swinging phrases. How well his work is appreciated he learned when he accompanied the Mayor abroad, visited the Vatican and met His Holiness, Pius XI. The Pope thanked him for the scroll he had got up for his legate, Cardinal Bonzano, when the latter came to New York. The Pope said with a smile that he had liked it so much he had, in fact, stolen it for preservation in the Vatican archives.

## *Old Troupers*

IF anyone is worried about what becomes of circus performers when they grow old, we can tell about two. They are the Little Adams Sisters, now seventy-five or eighty years old, who for many years were famous midgets with Barnum & Bailey. You'd have to be gray to remember them. When they got too old for trouping they went back home, to the old Adams farm on Martha's Vineyard, where they were born and grew up as far as they got. Following their retirement they just lived there quietly for many years, but recently the tourist-trade fever got them and, being near a main highway, they put up a sign in their yard, "The Little Adams Sisters," and advertised refreshments. If you stop they will give you a cup of tea in their parlor, and possibly sing some of the songs they sang several decades ago and dance a little. They are happy when somebody comes by who remembers them. They say that getting in contact with the public again is keeping them spry.

## *Hazards*

AMONG those who followed Bobby Jones around the course at Merion, in the recent tournament, were a couple of gentlemen whose manner obviously revealed that they found nothing to get excited about in the whole thing. Once, however, when Jones had sunk a particularly difficult putt, one of them unbent enough to remark: "That was a long one, Joe." "Yeah?" said Joe. "An' suppose he'd a had to go through a coupla wickets an' a len'th a pipe, like on any good Tom Thumb course—tell me that wouldn't a stopped him."

## *Grant's Guardian*

THE small, gray-haired man who sits in the little glass booth just inside the entrance to Grant's Tomb is Mr. Burnside. There is something about him that usually impresses people. He wears a faded blue soldier's coat, and a rusty blue cap, both of Civil War style, and many people get quite sentimental over the idea that he's really a veteran, keeping vigil over his Gen-

eral's last resting place. Mistake. Mr. Burnside was just being born when the war was on, and his only connection with it is that General Burnside was a cousin of his father. He got to be Grant's guardian more or less accidentally. When the Tomb was building, back in 1891, he was construction foreman; on its completion, the Grant Memorial Association offered him the job as caretaker. He has been there ever since with no time out for vacations—quite a long vigil.

He likes the job, however, isn't depressed by the purplish gloom of the place, doesn't mind answering questions. About two hundred and fifty thousand people visit the Tomb annually, most of them from out of town, so there are a lot of questions in the course of a year. People doing the city want to know where the Zoo is, or how to get to the Battery. Mr. Burnside has to be able to tell them. He takes it all very seriously, likes showing people the battle flags, muskets, and other relics kept in alcoves around the Tomb, and sees nothing funny in the tapestry, woven by a Japanese admirer of the General, in which all the figures, including Mars, the Muses, and Grant himself, have features decidedly Oriental. One of the commonest questions is: "Where is the little child's grave?" The child, of whom many New Yorkers have never heard, was the daughter of St. Clair Pollack, who a century ago owned most of the land in the present neighborhood of the Tomb. She was drowned in the Hudson; Mr. Pollack buried her on the riverbank, and went away to Europe, deeding the property to the city on condition that the grave be maintained. It is now fenced off in a little enclosure just behind the Tomb, and most visitors show much more interest in it than in the huge monument to the General, which puzzles Mr. Burnside considerably.

There is only one question, however, which he finds definitely annoying. That is when some ignoramus asks who Grant was. In the case of foreigners or Englishmen (Mr. Burnside's own classification) he holds himself in, and answers courteously with a brief survey of the General's works. Otherwise, he is liable to flare up. He tells of one man who asked about Grant a little while ago. "Didn't you ever read history?" Mr. Burnside retorted. "Where do *you* come from, anyway?" "I come from so far away," the man replied, "that I never saw a ship till I came here." So Mr. Burnside relented, and told him about the General. "You have to travel to learn things," he observes.

## *Old Glory*

JUST last week, a bootlegger of excellent reputation was pained when one of his oldest customers, a broker, served notice that he had a new vintner. The bootlegger was told that the new man's stock was just as good, but cheaper than his own. The broker even showed the fellow the new firm's catalogue, which was got up as beautifully as a steamship company's. It was bound in a rich, heavy board on which was embossed the Liberty Bell entwined in an American flag. "Don't give your money to these people!" cried the bootlegger. "They're a bad bunch." The customer bridled at this and insisted that a vice-president of his company had patronized the Liberty Bell liquor-sellers, found quality excellent, delivery prompt, and prices reasonable. "That ain't the point," said the bootlegger. "Lookit—usin' the flag in advertising! Why, man, that's a federal offence!" —THE NEW YORKERS

*"Une heure, Patrick."*

THE SALOON MUST GO!

# SHADOWLAND

HE was a tall, middle-aged, rather awkward man, with a slight limp which was apparent when he walked but not when he danced. Zelda saw him as he came in and, hoping that he would notice her, she moved out a little on the strip of carpet between the soda bar and the low rail in front of the dance floor. Although the tall man smiled and came over he did not prove as amenable on the floor as he had seemed at first glance. He danced well—a bad sign, since it meant that he probably knew his way around—and after five tickets Zelda barely got over a play for orangeade and a package of cigarettes.

"They make that stuff too sweet—it turns my stomach," she said idly to Rose, a little red-head, as she rejoined the line. For some reason she took it for granted that Rose had observed her choice of refreshment.

"Lemon is better," said Rose.

The music had stopped. The two girls leaned over the rail side by side and watched the couples who stood around on the floor, some holding hands. Now from the first violinist's foot came three quick taps, and over the expanse of shining parquetry, surrounded by mirrors, the first note of the new tune slid like a wave, lifting the waiting couples into motion. The lights went out, and a revolving spotlight threw broken flakes and triangles of color on the floor, the walls, and turning bodies of the dancers. It was a waltz, and Zelda turned away, glancing up and down the strip of railed carpet to see if any new fellows had come in.

NOT many of the girls were dancing. Some sat at the little round tables in the enclosed, carpeted space, and the rest stood or leaned in casual attitudes along the rail. Most of them were prettier and more expert at their trade than the girls who worked in the "open" dance halls; this was a "closed" place where men could not bring their own girls from outside, and the profits depended on the takings of the hostesses. Zelda was staring at Edna Rathe's fair hair. She wished that her own were naturally blonde, but felt that even dyed it looked well; she surveyed Edna's green-gray chiffon dress and decided a half-formulated comparison in favor of her own tight-fitting red silk which, cut low and without sleeves, showed off her figure advantageously. Her glance wandered to the clock—a quarter to ten.

"Can I have a dance?"

A slender, rather handsome youth, wearing a tweed suit and an air of studied composure. Zelda led him through the gate onto the floor, and here he could not find his ticket, and became so flustered as he searched for it that Zelda burst out laughing.

"What college do you go to?" she asked when they had danced once around.

"Don't kid me."

"That's right, though. You go to some college."

The young man hesitated. "C.C. N.Y.—that is, I went there, but I've been out three years."

"Oh, pardon me," said Zelda.

"What made you think I went to college?"

"By the way you dance. Anyone can tell a college fellow."

"You're pretty smart, aren't you?"

"Oh, no," said Zelda. "We get all kinds, that's all."

HE spiked their drinks from a flask, but since he showed no further inclination to dance, and the bouncer had to warn him about putting his arm around her, she left him and started back to the line. Someone took hold of her and she turned and recognized Pete, a sleek, stocky fellow, about thirty-five years old, who was the sweetheart of Carrol Meyers, the prettiest hostess in the place. Zelda got on well with Pete, and it was a standing joke for Pete to pretend, even in front of Carrol, that he was crazy about her.

"You're out of luck, Pete. Carrol is on the floor."

"Why, I came here to see you, sweetheart," said Pete gallantly. "How's my baby?"

"Be your age," said Zelda.

Putting a hand under each of her elbows, Pete lifted her slightly to show off his muscle. After a few moments of kidding she inveigled him into a dance.

"You must be looking for a fight with Carrol," said Rose when Zelda came back to the line.

Zelda rejected this idea with a flip of her hand.

"She can have him. Did you see the whirl he gave me? When that boy says a dance, he means one and only."

"My God, what a cheap skate," said Edna softly. "Do you know how much he spends when he comes here to see her? One dollar a night. Ten dances. Now you've hogged one, she'll only get nine."

Zelda laughed, and a shy youth with pink cheeks, wearing glasses, gained courage from this gaiety to smile at her and ask for a dance.

HER partners succeeded each other without attracting much of her attention. The tall man with whom she had begun the evening came back, and showed her pictures of his wife, who he said had died a few months before, and of his home in a New Jersey town; she danced with two clerks from a Broadway clothing store, and with a genial, middle-aged Canadian, who told her a story at which she laughed, and then made her an amatory proposition which she rejected, and with a little bald fellow who told her he worked in a brewery, and promised to take her up some afternoon and give her all the beer she wanted.

Everything considered, it was a profitable evening. The bundle of ticket-stubs in her right hand grew so fat that she wished it was time to cash them in. At the regular rate of sixty per cent for the house and forty for the hostess, she figured she would make fifteen dollars for the night—about six dollars over her average. Of course, it was a Friday night, and Fridays were almost like Saturdays, as so many firms paid off then. Fifteen, minus nine-fifty for room rent, plus . . . She believed it was

bad luck to figure her earnings for the evening before the last dance, but tonight she could not resist.

It was nearly closing time. "Keep your partners for the big double dance! Two dances on the one ticket!" Nick, the Greek floorman, shouted constantly now, anxious to keep the men buying up to the last. Zelda was leaning over the rail, kidding with the college boy, who wanted her to go out on a party, and she was just thinking she might say "Yes," when a man with a long neck, wearing a light-colored, dirty suit, stepped rudely past the college boy and took her by the arm.

Zelda did not move. She looked quickly from side to side and said: "You'll have to get a ticket, the same as everybody else."

Evidently prepared for this contingency, the newcomer handed her a ticket, and Zelda, offering no apology to the college boy, walked stiffly onto the floor.

"Maybe you wondered where I was," said her partner.

"Maybe—well for God's sake, if you don't come home two nights, I might wonder. Oh, my God!" said Zelda in a rapid, harsh, low voice.

"Did you hear what happened?"

Zelda did not answer.

"I was in the jug," said her partner. "We was in a crap game in Stedman's garage, and they pinched the lot of us."

Zelda made a momentary attempt to control her voice, then gave it up. "Crap game!" she exclaimed. "That's what you told me last month when you was gone three nights. Do you think I'm a sucker for your lies?"

"It don't make any difference what I told you—that's what happened," said her partner. He was dancing in the most approved fashion, his left elbow extended firmly sidewise; he led her twice around his body in a turn made of little steps in double time which Zelda followed gracefully and neatly.

"Why did you come here, after I told you never, no matter what . . . "

"I'm in a little jam, Zelda. I just thought you might want to help me out. Of course, if you don't feel that way, all right—I'll get it out of someone else."

Zelda raised her face, on which appeared one of the colored motes thrown by the spotlight.

"How much?" she asked with a strained expression.

"Seventy-five bucks."

"You must be crazy."

"Maybe I am," said her partner, "but they took the cab. I had to put it up to get a bail bond. I've borrowed one of Charlie's cabs—I got it downstairs. With seventy-five I can pay the bail broker and get my own cab out."

"LADIES and gentlemen, the next will be a big double dance! Two dances on the one ticket. Keep your partners!" shouted the floorman.

Since Carrol Meyers and Pete had

*"I beg your pardon, but have you heard the hounds give tongue?"*

# OUR OWN SOB BALLADS

## I'D RATHER BE RAGGED AND DIRTY

I

A moving-picture "kiddie"
—A favorite on the screen—
Was sulking in his playroom.
He complained, "I think it's mean
That I'm shut up like a lapdog,
And am not allowed to play
With children, as I want to.
Why can't I have my way?"
His parents tried to soothe him,
While his tutor said, "I fear
You forget what strides you're making
As an artist. Your career
—For a child—should make you happy."
At his words the youngster sobbed,
"Can't you see that of my childhood
By you all I'm being robbed?"

REFRAIN

"Oh, I'd rather be ragged and dirty
Without a darn cent to my name
Than to go on with this life. How I hate it!
I'm so sick of this Hollywood game.
You all tell me that I should be happy
Because I'm a star and the rage.
But you forget a small boy might a lot more enjoy
What other kids do at my age."

II

When the child had voiced his protest
In manner so sincere,
His folks were both touched deeply;
But his tutor said, "It's clear
That our little man's not thinking
Of the countless girls and boys
That love him in the pictures.
Would he *rob* them of *their* joys?"
As he spoke, the boy ceased weeping
And suddenly grew calm,
Then answered, "Oh, how selfish!
Forgive me, Dad and Mom.
I *must* be brave and manly
And remember what I owe
To my little friends—my public—
And be loyal, even though . . ."

REFRAIN

"Oh, I'd rather be ragged and dirty
Without a darn cent to my name
Than to go on with this life. How I hate it!
I'm so sick of this Hollywood game.
You all tell me that I should be happy
Because I'm a star and the rage.
But you forget a small boy might a lot more enjoy
What other kids do at my age."

—C. KNAPP

•

stopped within earshot, Zelda did not speak until the music began again. "I don't know what to do—I haven't got that much."

"How much have you got?"

Zelda made a rapid computation. "Dance me over there—and stand in front of me."

In an angle formed by the wall and a corner of the orchestra's dais they stopped, and she bent quickly and lifted her skirt, showing a triangle of white thigh. She drew a roll of bills out of the top of her stocking, counted them, and put them back.

"Thirty-one," she said, dancing again. "And fifteen more when I cash in. And ten Dona owes me—if she can pay it tonight—makes fifty-six."

"We can get by on that, I guess," said her partner thoughtfully. "I still have eight—I can borrow the rest from Charlie. I'll be waiting for you downstairs."

"Oh, wait till the music stops. You can't leave me in the middle of a dance."

Dancing had become perfunctory for both of them. Zelda looked troubled and her partner had assumed a bored expression.

"Don't say anything when the other girls can hear," she cautioned him as the last tune, played at frenzied speed, with a great deal of saxophone, drew to an end. "Remember what I told you—I don't want them to know I'm married."

"All right, Babe. I'll see you down below. I'm parked around the corner, in front of the drugstore."

Zelda went over to the window and cashed in her stubs, then cornered Dona in the checkroom and after a brief argument extracted ten dollars she had lent under strong persuasion a month before. The girls were now hurrying to get out, pulling on the fur-trimmed coats they wore every day, in the street, over the unsubstantial, ornate dresses worn in this special place alone.

TO make sure nobody would insist on accompanying her, Zelda waited till the place was almost empty before leaving. She walked slowly around to the drugstore, her high heels tapping with a lonely sound on the deserted pavement. The long red cab glittered softly under a street light, and her husband jumped down good-naturedly and opened the door for her as if she had been a real customer. As they raced uptown between the rows of lights, the tires bouncing on the car-tracks, she huddled, swaying, in a corner of the broad seat, feeling depressed and tired. Suddenly the superstitious conviction came to her that all this bad luck—his showing up that way, and wanting money—was due in some way to her foolishness in figuring her earnings before the last dance. It had always brought bad luck . . . always. . . . She dug her nails into her palms, staring out of the window at a newspaper blowing along the pavement. Well, she had learned her lesson. She'd never figure up again until the last dance, or better yet, until she had actually cashed in. Never, she repeated mentally, trying to impress the resolve on her mind—never, never, as long as she lived. . . .

—NIVEN BUSCH, JR.

## HOW ONE LITTLE ROBIN DID HER DUTY

DURING the summer months it was my privilege and pleasure to work with Dr. Floyd Graves, the eminent ornithologist, on some interesting experiments in bird life. Does habit or instinct dictate the larger part of the activities of the ordinary American robin (*Merula migratoria*)? That question had been bothering Dr. Graves and myself for some time.

I am therefore glad to report that, as a result of the experiments performed during the summer, Dr. Graves and I have come to the conclusion that we don't *give* a hoot.

Our apparatus was crude but it was the best we could obtain with the resources on hand. All we had to work with were two rifles stolen by Dr. Graves from two little boys, some old worms which had been in my family for years, a bottle of Scotch, and two false beards which we erroneously thought would fool the robins into thinking we were John Burroughs.

All that, however, belongs properly in the monograph detailing our findings, which we are preparing for submission to the Robin Committee of the Citizens Union. What I should like to tell you about here is the touching and rather pathetic story of a little feathered heroine—one of Dr. Graves' laboratory robins.

WE called her Stella. She was a fetching little poult, with a thousand endearing tricks. Graves and I were most fond of her. Really, it was a treat to give Stella a worm and then watch her worry it. She'd give it a shake, then set it down in the corner and walk off with an air of abstraction, pretending she had forgotten all about the worm. The latter would innocently surmise that he had got a break, and would start to wriggle stealthily away. In an instant, Stella was back, and before the slug knew it, he was bisected.

One day I was at my end of the laboratory, working on a phase of the starling problem. A low cry from Graves interrupted my researches.

"What is it?" I asked.

"There's something wrong with Stella," said Graves, anxiously. "She has a cough and I don't like it."

He was right. Stella had a rather nasty cough. I performed a hasty auscultation. Yes, there were râles. And there was no echo from the lower left section of her pleural cavity.

"Hmm," I said, "hmm."

"She must have caught cold in that storm," said Graves.

On the previous day there had been a rather heavy hailstorm.

Well, we pulled Stella safely out of that cold but, despite every precaution thereafter, she took more cold every time we had a storm. And we had a great many storms.

THEN, one day, we solved the mystery. At least, Graves solved the mystery. Credit where credit is due. We had had a corking electric storm. The rain came down in sheets and the hailstones were of a size to make one's eyes fairly pop.

In the middle of the storm, in rushed Floyd Graves, livid with excitement, and yet not without a certain tender light in his eye.

"Shh!" said he. "Come."

He led me to the window.

Outside, on a small wad of straw, was Stella. In her eye was the proud,

*"I've heard they make perfectly devoted servants."*

*"Say, Ed, the passengers have all got their hearts in their mouths."*

• •

contented look of the robin who is performing her duty to her genus. Her wings bulged. She gazed at us brightly.

"Why, she's setting," I said to Graves. I knew that Graves was using Stella in his experiment to determine how long a female robin can go without setting and I knew that he hadn't wanted her to brood yet a while.

"What does this mean?" I inquired. "I thought you'd taken her eggs from her."

"I did," said Graves, with a smile in which there was also the suspicion of a tear.

"Then what's she up to out there in the rain? If she isn't setting, I'm Edith Wharton."

"Those aren't robin's eggs," said Graves, quietly.

As he spoke, Stella did a most astounding thing. A hailstone (it was fully the size of a robin's egg, I assure you) dropped to the porch beside her. With a happy cluck, the poor, foolish bird leaned forward, gathered it up with her beak, and placed it underneath her person.

Suddenly, it came to me.

"Good God!" I cried, "she's setting on hailstones!"

Apparently, Stella was having a grand time. The fact that the hailstones melted rapidly under her maternal warmth didn't seem to bother her at all. As fast as one melted she would replace it with a fresh one. If she suspected that they were not quite like other eggs, her pride allowed her to give no hint of any misgiving. It was really touching.

"My stars!" I said to Graves. "You'd better fetch her in here before she catches her death."

Scarcely were the words out of my mouth when an extra large hailstone landed spang on Stella's head and laid her out cold. We brought her inside. She was unconscious for more than an hour. That night she developed pains in the abdomen, and, later, intestinal flu. Ultimately she recovered, and after that, during hailstorms, Graves and I took good care to see that she did not repeat her misguided, futile attempt.

BUT, as Graves said to me that night, what a lesson there is in the story of that devoted robin whose indomitable maternal instinct led her to such extreme measures; led her to risk becoming a laughing stock in the eyes of her masters rather than deny the urge that seethed within her to bring her kind into the world. What a lesson in Stella, we thought, for the modern American woman to whom "home" has become merely a place to leave her bridge score.

Learn, ye American women, from the little robin! Learn from her the lesson of motherhood and your duty to the race. Learn devotion from her. Enough of your hysterical talk of emancipation! Enough of birth control, and of bridge, and cocktails and bobbed heads and silken stockings! If our United States is to remain the Queen of Nations—nay, if she is even to avoid the fate of Rome and Carthage and Alabama, our American women, the bulwark of the home and the mothers of our manpower, must cease this mad search for new thrills, and they must sit at the feet of the little robin, Stella, and learn.

American women must return to the nest! —FRANK SULLIVAN

• •

## TO A PERHAPS UNAVOIDABLY LATE ROSE

What kind of time is this, my pretty rose,
To show your impudent face inside my garden?
By what conceivable trick are you to harden
Yourself to stand a country wind that blows
Coldly? And may I ask if you propose
To add, to my dahlias' melancholy burden,
The attributes of June? And if you'll pardon
My asking it, are these your only clothes?

Forgive the carping tone: the actual fact is
You bring to this autumnal-looking place
A lovely quality. It's not my practice
Ever to weep in June, or note spring's dealing;
May I indulge—given your three months' grace—
An insupportable (at that time) feeling?

—E. B. W.

# THE FIRST OF THE BARRYMORES

## A TROUPER'S REMINISCENCE

THE strong point about Bronson Howard's "Aristocracy," which made a big hit at Palmer's Theatre in the winter of 1892, was its cast, habitually referred to as "The Four Hundred of the American Stage." When "Aristocracy" went on the road toward the end of July, 1893, the original players were not all available but the cast was still an excellent one. Among its number, I remember, were Miller Kent, Mary Hampton, Josephine Hall, Bruce McRae, Blanche Walsh, and William Faversham. In New York the lead had been played by Wilton Lackaye, then in the first swelling rush of his great vogue, before "Svengali" had caught and crowned and broken his career. I suppose it was the necessity for an equally bright star on the road which made the management glad to get Maurice Barrymore for the part.

Mr. Barrymore was born in India of Irish parents—a tall man, dark and pale, with cool Northern gray eyes that saw everything everywhere and never did anything about it except understand it. He was lightly built, but of a round-muscled, strong-shouldered powerful lightness. Before leaving England he had been its amateur boxing champion, and in this country two of his staunchest admirers were James Corbett and William Muldoon. Dazzlingly handsome, of course, and witty, with the most enchantingly light, lazy manners in the world, he had an habitual expression of deferential considerateness, combined with an indifference to appearances so profound that while strolling up Broadway in moccasins, eating a piece of pie, he thought of himself as rather a conventional and conservative person, and would occasionally point out the folly of a rash or extreme deportment.

WE were going to make a very unusual move for those leisurely times—steam clear across the continent without breaking the expenses of the trip by stopping for a performance, finally opening in San Francisco for a three weeks' engagement. We had a private car, just as unusual in those days, and we were bursting with importance and selfconsciousness on the night the train left Jersey City. The business representative of the Frohman office stood outside our car and checked us off as we came up. Soon everybody was accounted for—except Barry. Well, we said, it was like him to be on the last ferryboat. The last boat arrived. People began to stream up the platform, to clamber on the train—no Barry. The last truck of baggage was rushed by, the passengers' relatives kissed them and left—no Barry. The stagehands, who adored him, climbed down out of the baggage car, the trainhands came for instructions. Eleven o'clock struck; the conductor said "Well, I'll give him two minutes." We were up in the very front, the platform seemed to stretch back for blocks into the dark of the ferryhouse. The two minutes passed. Then, out of those dim distant shadows, unconsciously arresting the signal to start, a calm figure emerged.

Enjoying the change from New York, Mr. Barrymore was looking about him. His hat was on the back of his head, showing a brow already getting bald; on his left arm he carried his coat, in his right hand a palm-leaf fan. One end of a long string was in his left hand, and at the other end of the string ambled Belle, a fabulously valuable Clydesdale terrier and one of the legendary figures of the "profession."

The conductor shouted, the trainhands ran back to their places, and the engine whistled. We all waved and called to him: "Barry, you're late! The conductor won't wait any longer! Time's up, Barry!" In the midst of this uproar there remained two serene figures, Maurice and Belle Barrymore, the former saying "Quite so," and picking up his dog preparatory to walking forward and bestowing her in the baggage car. "No, Barry! Don't waste time—private car—keep Belle with you—quick—get on!" "Oh, private car. Really?" He was pleased. He handed Belle up to the actors who were hanging down from the vestibule, others leaned to catch his shoulders, to heave him onto the car as it started to glide forward.

MAURICE BARRYMORE (LEFT) AND MILLER KENT WITH PART OF THE MENAGERIE WHICH TRAVELLED WITH THE "ARISTOCRACY" COMPANY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH)

THE trip was a horror of dirt, and heat, and alkali. There weren't even train window-screens in those days. Crossing the desert, everybody's skin got discolored and sandpapered with alkali—the suit I wore on the train smelled so of it that it had to be thrown away. There

was one member of the company, however, whose toilet was always carefully and delicately made. This was Belle Barrymore.

Every morning, while the rest of us were still yawning and throwing paper dishes out of the windows, a table would be brought forth and set up in front of Mr. Barrymore; Belle would be placed on it. Then would begin that hour-long business of combing that curling silk, which even twenty-four hours had matted into one snarl. There was never anything like the patience of it, the infinite subtlety of little careful strokes.

I don't know if it was the cult of Belle which started the other men wanting their pets. At any rate, Miller Kent sent for his wife to bring on his fox terrier, and Faversham sent for his wife to bring on his two prize-winning bull terriers. Before this procession of dog-bearing wives met us, however, we had reached San Francisco and the deluge was upon us. Mr. Barrymore, Bruce McRae, and Miller Kent had gone down to the wharves to see the ships from Japan unload. I don't know why a boy like Bruce McRae, with years of cowpunching just behind him, should have lost his heart to a pair of Japanese mice, but those were what he bought, naming them Waldemar and Hildegarde after the principals in Mr. Barrymore's success, "The Robber of the Rhine." Miller Kent bought two Japanese spaniels, Piggy and Oorah. Mr. Barrymore bought seven Japanese spaniels, and a black Chow puppy, the first of that breed any of us had seen. All his new dogs came to live in his dressing-room under the stage of the Baldwin Theatre.

I DO not remember just when we were joined by Mrs. Kent and Mrs. Faversham, but if they were with us when we started for Los Angeles, then a sleepy white town with one business street, we left San Francisco with fourteen dogs and two Japanese mice—a collection presently augmented by Mary and John, a pair of prairie dogs acquired by Bruce McRae.

When we passed through San Francisco again, on our way up to Portland, the pet dealers sent word that another ship had come in and they believed it would interest Mr. Barrymore to come down. This time he bought a cage—probably a yard long—filled with innumerable tiny twittering strawberry birds with red heads. He also bought two beautiful, full-plumed, full-lyred skunks, duly arranged for civilized life, whom he named Molly Bawn and Minnehaha. He tried to buy an ant-eater, but his money gave out, and hard-hearted persons who wanted room in the baggage car for baggage refused to lend him the necessary forty dollars.

However, as soon as we reached Seattle, he bought a huge Esquimau dog, Kimo, and by the time we reached Portland, Kimo seemed to be pining for his mate, so Kimo's master sent back for Rita. By this time Faversham had bought an Irish terrier, and so far as pets were concerned, the "Aristocracy" company was completely equipped. No more were bought, though at one depot a man appeared with a chimpanzee, which he had heard Mr. Barrymore might want.

*"It's funny, but I've lost all interest in the Union League Club now that it's finished."*

UPON arriving in a new town Mr. Barrymore's first thought was the disposal of his menagerie. Miraculously loading it all upon a carriage, he drove about in search of someone possessing a back-yard which they might be willing to rent for the length of "Aristocracy's" stay in town. The renting of the back-yard, however, was but the beginning of labor. Lumber must be secured, for a shed had to be built in the yard, and in it different accommodations arranged for dogs and skunks. This shed he always built himself, and he had bought an oil stove in which he cooked the elaborate mess with a rice foundation which the animals required. I remember seeing him from my window, late one warm September afternoon, coming away from his hired yard, all love's labor done, covered with straw and bits of stick, his hat once more on the back of his head, occasionally raising an arm to wipe his red and per-

spiring face. In one hand he carried an empty tin can, and in the other two beer bottles, now also empty. As he grinned up at me in passing, I can remember the thrill of realizing that he was the handsomest man I had ever seen or was ever likely to.

SOON after this, as we were about to plunge into a six weeks' wilderness of one-night stands, the management sent word from New York that we were not to carry a baggage car. This meant not only that we would use local scenery, but that we would not see our hotel trunks for six weeks. The owner of the eleven dogs, of the countless birds, of Molly Bawn and Minnehaha, however, was not perturbed at all. He simply telegraphed in his two weeks' notice. It was manifestly impossible, he said, that he should go where he could not carry his animals. It did not take the management very long to telegraph back that the car would be carried.

*"I hate to leave you alone, darling, but Mother must go to her child-psychology class."*

• •

It was on these one-night stands that we really made the greatest sensation. It was naturally supposed by all who saw us leaving the train that our performance was in reality a circus and ourselves merely the escorts of trained skunks and acting dogs. I am afraid Mr. Barrymore encouraged this idea and drew many trusting persons to the theatre who would not have bothered themselves about Bronson Howard. In those towns which were too small to play even a single night in, what a show we gave at the station! Let us pause to take on coal or to water the engine, and out would saunter Mr. Barrymore, making for the baggage car. The animals would come out, two by two or even more collectively, for exercise and food. The oil stove would be set up on the platform and soon the rice mash would be boiling away, the dogs ranged along a baggage truck, another truck or bench drawn before them, the pans set out for the food, the bowls for the milk. As Mr. Barrymore in his shirt-sleeves lunged up and down before them, dishing out the meal, the crowd would collect. "Do they show with ye, tonight?"

"Surely," and he would give a description of their acts as he kept pace with all those hungry mouths.

In the depths of the train, old Mr. Montgomery, who had played with all the leading Shakespearean actors and now played the butler, would moan: "Look at him, I ask you! Does he look like a leading man? What a head to a company! I ask you!"

The crowd inquiring: "What does the skunks do, mister?"

YEARS afterward, when the children were beginning to grow up, there were other dogs in his house in the West Nineties, but I never made quite such friends with Pidgewidge and (was it?) Dodor—I could not bear, even in the grim procession of time, to see him with dogs without Belle. I did better with Patrick Boniface, the Maltese cat. I have known many terrifying cats, but none so consistently a putter-down of the herd as Patrick. He did not scratch, he struck. He had enormous paws—velvet, to be sure—but they were hitched to dynamos, and as you approached him with soft words, he rose and swung at you like a prize-fighter, standing on his hind feet and aiming true, with the impact of a plush-covered brick. He kept down Pidgewidge and Dodor (if it was Dodor), dear Patrick! No other dog ever reigned in Belle's place. I wonder how he liked the other boarders, for there were old ladies in that house who had come on a week's visit, before they went to the poorhouse, and stayed

literally forever. There was anybody there who was out of luck and who did not kick the dogs.

THE last time I saw the man who had taken such good care of them all was on the boat to Staten Island, where he had bought a bungalow as a permanent home for the descendants of Kimo and Rita, of the Chow, of Pidgewidge and (probably) Dodor, of the seven Japanese spaniels. I don't know how many dogs were living there when, late one summer afternoon, my mother and I chanced on Mr. Barrymore on a packed ferry. He stood in front of the seats which he had quickly found for us, his hands in his pockets, swaying a little to the motion of the boat, talking and telling jokes on himself and his dogs. I was still more or less young, and if anyone had told me that I should never see him again I could not have believed it. He, at least, never grew old. —VIRGINIA TRACY

## FRENCH II-A

"TRANSLATE, please, Miss Bork."

" 'What do I see? What horror spread around in these places makes my distracted family run away before my eyes? If I return so feared and so little desired, O Heaven, why did you take me out of my prison? I had only one friend. His imprudent flame was going to ravish the wife of the tyrant Epirus. I regretfully served his amorous designs—' "

"Who was the wife of the tyrant of Epirus?"

"The wife of the tyrant of Epirus?"

"Yes, the wife of the tyrant of Epirus."

"I don't know."

"It's in the notes. Aidoneus or Pluto. And did Pirithous succeed in ravishing the wife, or, according to the better legend, the daughter, of Pluto?"

"Did he succeed in ravishing the bride?"

"I'm asking you."

"Yes."

"No. You will have to get the facts better, Miss Bork. The facts are very important. Continue translating from the bottom of the page."

"Translate into English?"

"English or any other modern language."

" 'Ah, what is that I hear? A traitor, a bold one was preparing this outrage to the honor of his father? With what rigor, O Destiny, you pursue me. I do not know where I am going, I do not know where I am. O tenderness, O goodness too badly recompensed. Audacious project, detestable thought. To come to the goal of his black loves, the insolent one was borrowing the help of force. I recognized the iron, instrument of his rage, that iron with which I armed him for a nobler use.' "

"What is the crime of which Theseus accuses Hippolytus?"

"The crime of which Theseus accuses Hippolytus?"

"Yes."

"I don't know."

"You don't know? You are supposed to know."

"Mmphl."

"Theseus accuses his son Hippolytus of guilty relations with his stepmother, Phaedra. But Hippolytus, in love with Aricia, flees the importunities of Phaedra. Phaedra, balked in her unholy desires, finds that all her love changes to hatred and jealousy. Racine, with his wonderful understanding of the human heart, correctly interprets the psychology of a passionate woman in such circumstances. Phaedra then tells Theseus that Hippolytus has made improper advances to her, and Theseus brings about his son's death. Now is that clear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well then, try to keep that straight. Your standing is none too good, Miss Bork, and your final grade is pretty likely to depend on what you do on this text. What you need is concentration. I'm afraid you've never really learned how to study."

"Yes, sir—no, sir."

"Now Phaedra, who was she?"

"Who was Phaedra?"

"Who was Phaedra?"

"She was the daughter of Pasiphaë and the bull."

"No, no, no! It was the Minotaur who was the son, or the offspring, of

*"I sort of lost my temper with this one."*

Pasiphaë and the bull. Phaedra was the daughter of Minos and Pasiphaë. So the Minotaur was only her half-brother. Hippolytus indicates the unhappy influence of such an ancestry in the noble lines:

*Phèdre est d'un sang, seigneur, vous le savez trop bien,*
*De toutes ces horreurs plus rempli que le mien.*

The memory of this hereditary taint is important for the understanding of Phaedra, a creature all fire and passion:

*C'est Vénus tout entière à sa proie attachée.*

Her character drove her to that sort of criminal and forbidden love which makes the theme of our tragedy. And what is that sort of criminal love called, Miss Bork?"

"What sort of love, you mean?"

"I am asking you what that sort of attachment is called."

"Uh. Aah."

"In— In—"

"Innocent love."

"An 'F' is your mark, Miss Bork. And unless you can show a more intelligent interest in the work from now on, it will be an 'F' for you for the term. . . . Miss Markel, will you translate?" —Morris Bishop

*"Just think of it, dear! This time last year we were living on the floor below."*

Alan Dunn

• •

## OF ALL THINGS

THE Tuttle-Roosevelt tilt is off to a lively start with the Republicans discussing corruption and the Democrats deploring prohibition. It is a World Series with each team playing only upon the home grounds.

•

The Law Preservation Party is not doing so well with its idea of punishing the State G.O.P. for its sins. Somehow the notion has got around that the water wagon is not a good steam roller any more.

•

The United Cigar Stores had a birthday last week and offered a ten per cent discount on everything in stock except cigars, cigarettes, and tobaccos. The management is evidently trying to discourage the deadly nicotine habit.

•

It is now agreed by economists that the Soviet's dealings on the Chicago Board of Trade had no appreciable effect upon the wheat market. It must have been a couple of million other fellows.

•

We sometimes wonder whether Hoover does not have his moments of fond regret for the dear, dead days when he was making us eat wheatless bread.

•

Costa Rica's army, we read, consists entirely of a military band. We do not know how good the band is but we notice that nobody is invading Costa Rica these days.

•

A federal research worker is studying the effect of sunshine upon the teeth. The investigation starts in Arizona among the great open faces.

•

We were startled by the *Times* headline: "Rockefeller Houses Poor." The story has a happy ending, however, because "houses" turned out to be a verb.

•

The West Texas Chamber of Commerce has voted to sue the publishers of a school geography for a million dollars' damages because the book calls that region semi-arid. This may grow into a nationwide movement to put down the hideous textbook traffic.

•

Hitler threatens to cut off some important German heads unless the demands of his party are met. He evidently means to set up a dictatorship of decapitalists.

•

An occupational survey in Illinois shows that farmers have the best eyesight. Some of those examined, we understand, could even see how they were going to pull through the winter.

•

The British admit the right of the Dominions to leave the Empire. This splendid news reaches us a hundred and fifty-five years too late to prevent the Revolutionary War.

•

The national beauty bill is seven hundred and fifty million dollars, and there has been no decline in this year of depression. The ladies know that this would have been false economy; save the surface and you save all.

—Howard Brubaker

# THE THEATRE

## ALL WRONG

THIS department, always fallible, seemed to have been slavishly so in its judgment of the present batch of plays. On reading the newspaper reviews on the morning after each opening, I was shocked and thrown into a gloomy inferiority at finding that I had been wrong in almost every particular. Things that I had thought were good turned out to have been just the opposite. And one or two features which had enraged me to the point of flinging myself into the aisle and kicking and screaming I discovered, on reading the experts, had been the season's high spots. I am frankly discouraged.

FOR instance, I didn't know until I was told the next day that "One, Two, Three!" had dragged. I had been at practically a fever-heat of excitement from the time Arthur Byron began talking (9:15) until he stopped (11:00). I had realized, it is true, that Mr. Molnar had doubled up on his gags several times and had worked one or two of them beyond the point of "surprise" comedy, but, as they had been pretty good gags to start with, I hadn't minded so much. Of course, the story of a business tycoon (see *Time*: Jan.-Oct. 1930 incl.) who has just one hour in which to transform a taxi-driver into a nobleman *with* accessories, and who does it by go-getter methods while standing at a desk, is not a particularly profound theme, even for a comedy. But it does have a certain quality, like the satisfaction of crossing off one after another items on a Christmas list, which makes for a pleasant suspense. At least, it did for me.

Of course, the chief feature in "One, Two, Three!" is Arthur Byron. What a man! Not only to learn ninety pages of manuscript so that they can be delivered at lightning speed, without once leaving the stage, but to be able to get into them comedy which Molnar himself couldn't have known was there! Mr. Byron is one of the few people who could say the word "What?," with his face turned in profile to the audience, and make it one of the funniest words in the language. He has just asked the young taxi-driver, who must be transformed from an unshaven lout into a dapper count: "What is your name?"

"Anton Schuh," is the reply.

*"What?"* asks Mr. Byron. And this scribe goes into hysterics, his collar comes undone, and he has to be asked to leave. But not until he has heard Mr. Byron say, pointing to his own shoe:

"You mean 'schuh,' like this?" And, on being told that such is the unfortunate pronunciation, he sinks into a chair and, staring straight ahead, says:

"Then there is absolutely nothing to be done."

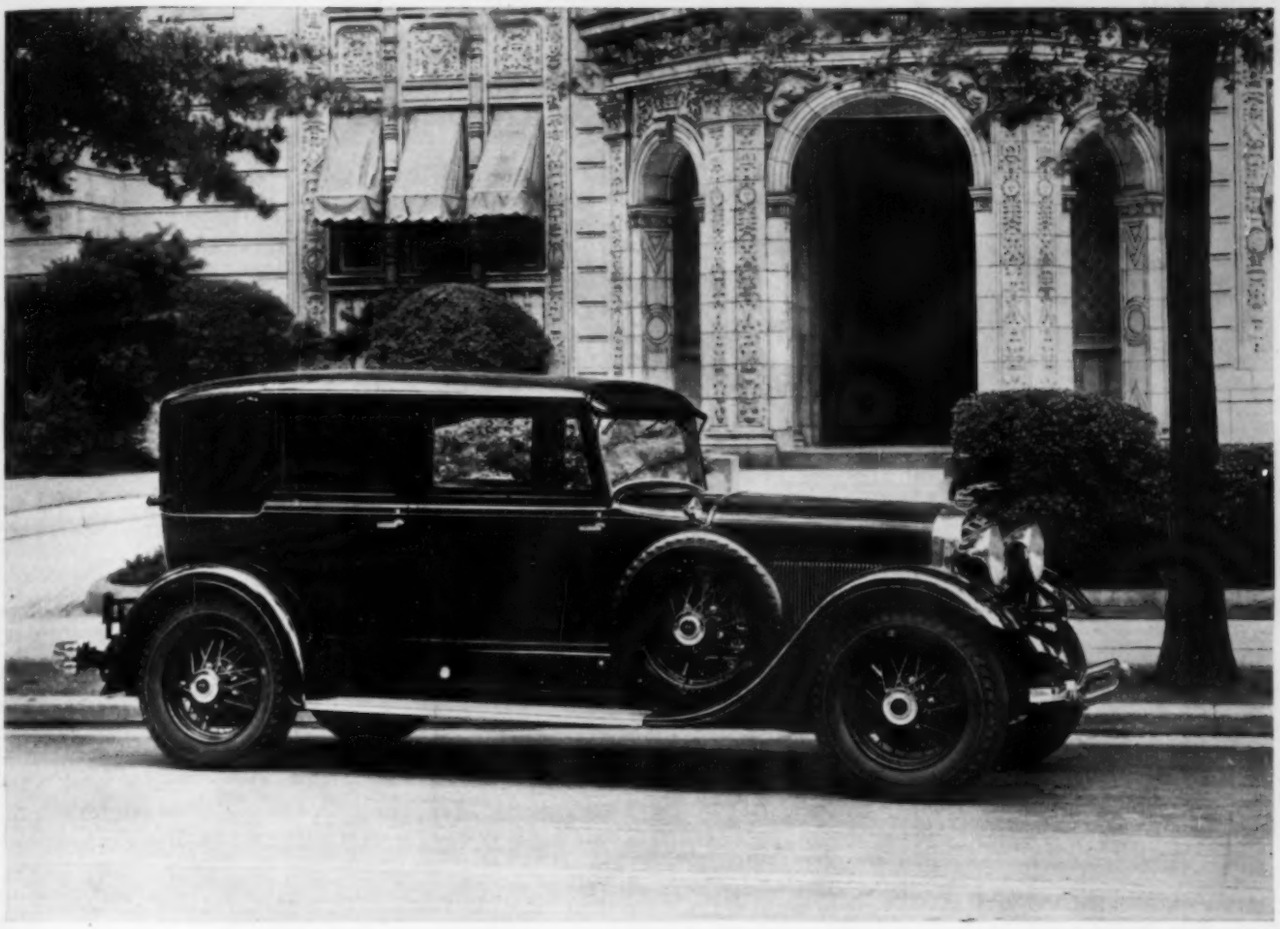
Perhaps I am doing Mr. Byron and Mr. Sidney Howard's excellent English text an injustice by trying to recapture the effect. My efforts seem to call for that unhappy addendum which one always has to make after reporting the perfectly screaming thing that Joe said the other night: "It was more the way he said it." But the fact still remains that Mr. Byron can make one word funny simply by saying it. And in "One, Two, Three!" he has more words than you would have believed possible.

We all seemed to be agreed that Ruth Gordon was perfect in "The Violet," the other Molnar one-act play (Arthur Richman's adaptation), which served as a curtain-raiser to "One, Two, Three!" Where I went wrong was in thinking that it was a pretty original little bit of sketchwriting. It seems that it was "the old story" of young ladies trying to get theatrical jobs by being willing, nay eager, to suffer a fate worse than death for their art. I guess that it is an old story at that. But somehow, with Miss Gordon's skill to hypnotize me, you would have thought that I was seeing it for the first time.

*"Of course they won't produce Eric's play. It's too powerful."*

WHERE I made my worst mistake in judgment, however, was at "Mr. Gilhooley." I sat through Frank B. Elser's adaptation of the Liam O'Flaherty novel thoroughly convinced that the trouble (for there *was* trouble) was not so much with the play as with the fact that Helen Hayes was miscast. It was good to have her back, lovelier than ever and playing with a new richness and authority, but never once did she suggest to me the kind of girl that Mr. O'Flaherty's heroine must have been. I can imagine no one who would have suggested it less, unless possibly Maude Adams in her

# THE LINCOLN



THE JUDKINS TWO-WINDOW BERLINE

## *There is no mistaking a Lincoln*

**AS A LINCOLN moves swiftly and serenely along some avenue, as it stands, in polished quiet, on a well-kept drive . . . its own unmistakable quality is at once apparent. For this motor car reflects, in contour and movement, the clean grace of a mechanism superbly adapted to every purpose for which it was built.**

**Unfailing command over such fitness and power becomes the familiar assurance of every Lincoln owner. Wherever he wishes this motor car to carry him — through city streets or across the continent — he goes in full confidence that all his journeys will be swift, safe and luxurious. For he knows that his car will continue to reveal its own particular excellence in every detail of chassis and body — throughout all the miles that he chooses to drive it.**

**The Lincoln is a motor car that has an especial place in the civilized routine of modern life. Its character, expressed in high craftsmanship and notable design, keeps fresh the loyalty of those who know it best.**

***Lincoln motor cars can be purchased for as little as $4200, f. o. b. Detroit. This price includes full equipment.***

# COTY

## PERFUMED MANICURE POLISH

**Finer, smoother—you use but a single coat**

COTY, the perfume genius of the world, has completely eliminated *all* chemical odors from the manicure.

The gentler, finer manicure ingredients of Coty Perfumed Manicure Polish are blended with a delicate Coty Perfume to harmonize with your own perfume.

With Coty Perfumed Manicure Polish *a single coat* grooms your fingertips with a flattering, natural, perfumed brilliance. Better brushing qualities give a clearer, more natural lustre that lasts and lasts. There is never any of the artificial, over-coated appearance discriminating women dislike. This polish will not chip, peel or make the nails brittle.

*Four shades: Clear, Medium, Deep, or Extra Deep—$1.00. Perfumed Polish and Solvent Combination—$1.50. At the better shops everywhere.*

The test below proves that Coty Polish does not become unusable through evaporation the way ordinary polishes do.

After six days of exposure to the air ordinary polishes became gummy and practically solid.

Coty Perfumed Manicure Polish tested the same way remained fluid—easy to spread and dried quickly on the nails.


younger days. But perhaps Maude Adams would, in comparison with Miss Hayes, have been too much the peasant type.

A few weeks ago I made some very sage remarks about making sows' ears out of silk purses, inspired by the incongruous spectacle of Miss Sylvia Field running a Bronx speakeasy. The same applies to Miss Hayes in her present occupation of living around in sin. Miss Hayes is a fine little actress and, considering the fact that even such mild words as "damn" and "hell" sound rather terrifying coming from her lips, she does wonders with the part. In fact, she made the plight of the girl doubly poignant by being doubly out of place in her surroundings. When she had to say lines like: "You think you can buy a young girl's love" (perhaps not the exact words, but, at any rate, the idea), it was like finding Wendy Darling or Mary Rose living in a Dublin attic with a middle-aged voluptuary. Of course, perhaps that was the idea, in which case I am just making a fool of myself. Or has that already been done for me?

In the praise accorded to Mr. Arthur Sinclair as Mr. Gilhooley I am back in with the majority again, and perhaps it doesn't seem good! Mr. Sinclair and Maire O'Neill, Irish players and splendid players both, were inspirations more in accord with what we are accustomed to expect from Jed Harris' special inspirational casting department. And, speaking of the Irish and again of Miss Hayes, we must all join in a special paean of praise for her sagacity and artistry in not using a brogue herself.

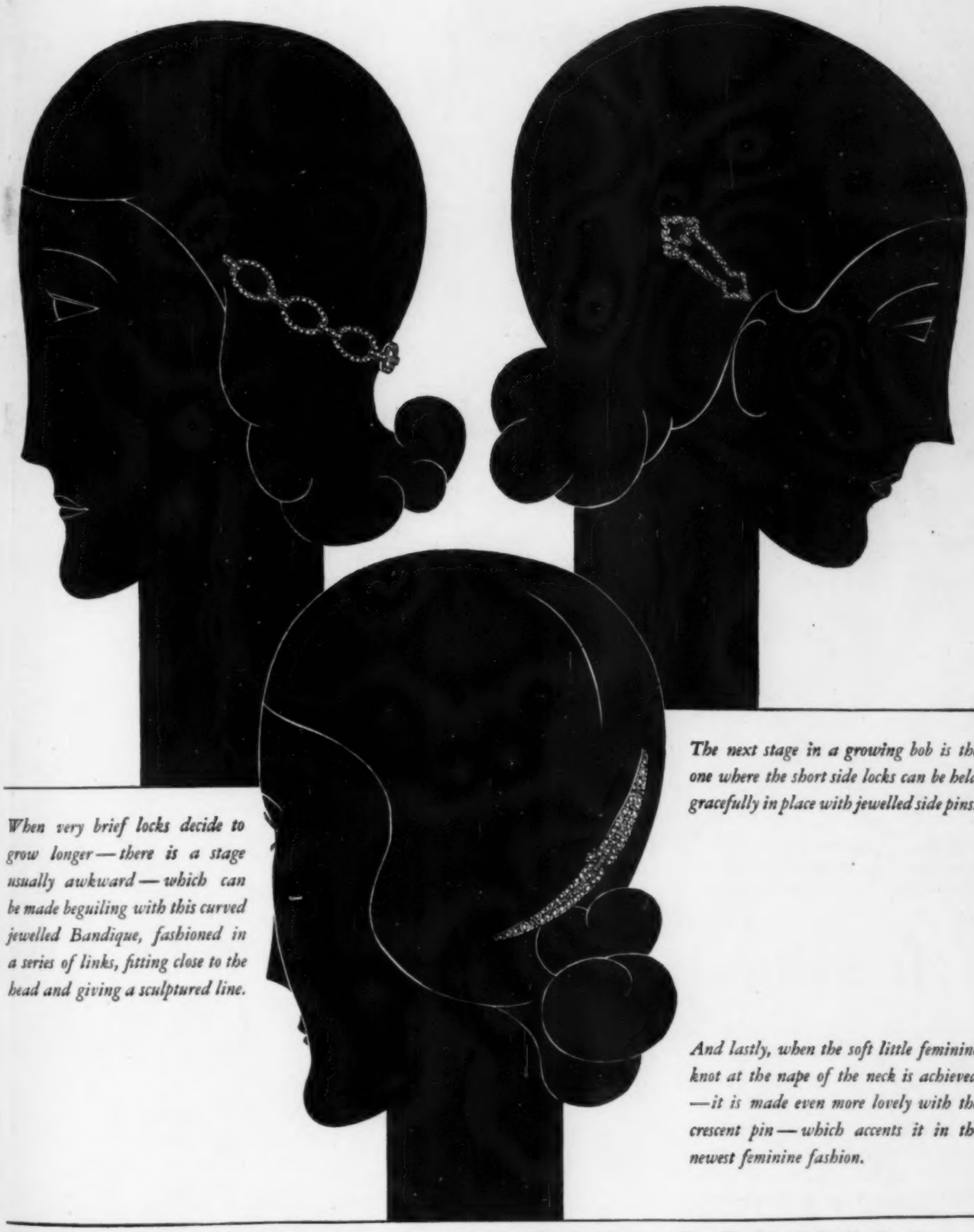
A PLAY called "Mrs. Moonlight" at the Charles Hopkins Theatre might frighten away the timid ones with its implication of Milney-Wilney. You needn't be afraid, however. It is by Mr. Benn W. Levy and, although it deals with the sad plight of a woman who grew to be very old and still looked very young, it has practically no whimsy. It isn't a "Mary Rose" by any means, but it has moments when it is genuinely moving and very few which let you down. Edith Barrett is slowly but surely cornering the market in rôles calling for this eiderdown quality and I can see no harm in letting her do so, for she combines solid acting ability with a certain mystic note which puts her practically in a class by herself. I need hardly tell you that Sir Guy Standing and Haidee Wright are excellent, and there is some very nice comedy from Mr. Leo G. Carroll.

IT is a far, and not entirely agreeable, cry to "Bad Girl" from the days when prospective stage-mothers coyly dropped the Tiny Garments back into the work-basket when the husband came into the room. In "Bad Girl" we are not only let in on the Precious Secret, but we are given what amounts to a course in practical midwifery. In an effectively staged shadow-scene, we are actually taken into the delivery-room and not only considerably harrowed but a little embarrassed. It is just about as far as we may expect the obstetrical drama to go this season, I think.

It is too bad that this little scene is dragged in to make us squirm, for most of the rest of "Bad Girl" is honestly and effectively entertaining. Of course, *without* this scene, it would be just another one of the Young Married Couple in the Bronx affairs, but it would be one of the best of them. Brian Marlow and Viña Delmar have written some good, straightforward dialogue and a great many funny comedy lines, and Paul Kelly and Sylvia Sidney give them expert treatment. It is difficult to see how Miss Sidney or Mr. Kelly, or anybody else for that matter, could possibly have been better. For these two sensitive performances alone, "Bad Girl" deserves a better fate than to be classed with the sensational policebaiting dramas with which it is sure to be associated in the public mind.

"Bad Girl" had the big advantage of being the first play to open in the Hudson Theatre since the abolition of its old Welsbach-burner system of lighting and the installation of the more cheery electric, or carbon-filament, invention. —ROBERT BENCHLEY

ORIGINAL CREATIONS BY BLACK STARR & FROST-GORHAM, INC.



*When very brief locks decide to grow longer — there is a stage usually awkward — which can be made beguiling with this curved jewelled Bandique, fashioned in a series of links, fitting close to the head and giving a sculptured line.*

*The next stage in a growing bob is the one where the short side locks can be held gracefully in place with jewelled side pins.*

*And lastly, when the soft little feminine knot at the nape of the neck is achieved — it is made even more lovely with the crescent pin — which accents it in the newest feminine fashion.*

# BLACK STARR & FROST-GORHAM, Inc.

FIFTH AVE., COR. 48TH ST., NEW YORK • SOUTHAMPTON • PALM BEACH • • *Associated with* SPAULDING-GORHAM, INC., *Chicago and Paris*

**RUTHELMA STEVENS**, a joy last year in *Hotel Universe*, is to open in *Roadside*. "A delightful way to keep skin smooth," she says.

**VIOLET HEMING**, irresistibly lovely star of *Ladies All*, says: "It keeps my skin beautifully smooth and clear. It's certainly a joy."

**RUTH TESTER**, delightful in the second *Little Show*, says: "I'm delighted with the gentle way Lux Toilet Soap cares for my skin."

**SYLVIA FIELD**, opening in *The Up and Up*, says: "Smooth skin is *important*. That's the reason I'm so delighted with Lux Toilet Soap."

# HERE'S A BEAUTY SECRET THE BROADWAY STARS ALL KNOW . . .

MAYO METHOT, the charming star of *Torch Song*, says: "For the gentle care that is so necessary, I use this fragrant white soap."

# ..who wouldn't want to share it?

BROADWAY knows about beauty! Who could doubt it? And when the lovely stars lend counsel, what feminine ear wouldn't listen with attention?

"Smooth skin is *essential* to beauty," they all declare. "Guard your complexion wisely and the rest is easy! Use the same safe, gentle care we do!" Broadway is enthusiastic, you see. Enthusiastic about Lux Toilet Soap's caressing lather—about its smooth whiteness and delicate fragrance. Enthusiastic, above all, about the glowing loveliness it gives their skins!

Practically every important actress in the world is devoted to this fine toilet soap. That is why it is in theater dressing rooms everywhere. Why it is *official* for dressing rooms in all the great Hollywood film studios.

And why, decidedly, you should discover for yourself how marvelously, how *sensibly*, it keeps skin smooth and soft.

Order some today . . . at just 10¢.

# SHOUTS AND MURMURS

## ADVANCE NOTICE

A NEIGHBOR of mine—a fellow who, though in trade, is no mean flâneur in the theatre—cabled me from Scotland in August that I would do well to reserve seats at once for the New York première of a comedy called "Private Lives." This piece, after a midsummer tryout in Edinburgh, is now playing to ecstatic audiences in London. When it reaches Boston in January, Noel Coward, who wrote it, and the frequently delightful Gertrude Lawrence, whom he chose as his partner for its performance, will still be heading the cast. Certain curmudgeons in these parts will hear with relief that Miss Lawrence has been somewhat abated since her last didoes in New York. My scouts actually report that she no longer regards it as a public duty to squizzle up her face in pretty little spasms of winsomeness. They even say she can now express mild surprise without such feats of contortion as really ought to be saved up for the more startling details of the Last Judgment.

"PRIVATE LIVES" was dashed off in Shanghai when Mr. Coward had to find *something* to do during a slow-paced week when a mild attack of influenza was keeping him a prisoner in his hotel. A sheaf of pencilled dialogue was ready to pack when he moved on to Hong Kong, where he found a typewriter, and so was able, without loss of time, to add another opus to his already considerable list.

An enterprising editor might do worse than wait for Mr. Coward's next indisposition, and then ask him for his memoirs of this trip around the world. Thus far the only information about it to reach these shores has been an outbreak of Hawaiian photography in the rotogravure sections, all the snapshots suggesting that our hero never once stepped out of doors in Honolulu without a halter of roses hung playfully around his neck, and a hearty smile congealed upon his lips. At Tokio, or thereabouts, he caught up with the equally footloose Lord Amherst. The Fifth Earl is the young peer who, under the name of Jeffrey Holmesdale, used to write theatrical notes and notices for the New York *World*. He has since given up such trial flights in dramatic criticism in favor of less figurative aviation, but though once upon a time, like his storied forebear, he was a soldier of the King, Lord Amherst is still so recreant to his peace-time duties as a paragon of legislation that some critics are disposed to call him the Fourth-and-a-half Earl.

Our young travellers were made much of in Japan, but I hear it is true that in one railway station they yawningly accepted as a deserved personal tribute from the local Grover Whalens what turned out to be a delegation sent to the train to escort the ashes of a great Japanese general. The subsequent journey was variously eventful. For instance, in backing out of the throne-room after an audience with the King of Siam—perhaps I should explain that that is the orthodox mode of egress from any royal presence—Mr. Coward crashed into a boulle cabinet, causing costly havoc.

Then, in Singapore, it was Lord Amherst's turn to encounter an Oriental germ. During the enforced interruption of their journey, his sympathetic but restless companion joined a theatrical troupe that tours the Far East in Occidental successes of various vintages and himself gave four performances as Stanhope in "Journey's End." It might amuse you to know the name of the troupe, but if I told it, you would only put it down as a piece of my own waggish invention. The repertory includes such assorted fare as "Hamlet," "Fair and Warmer," "Julius Caesar," and "Funny Face." The audiences are largely native and one evening when the Hamlet was stricken in the middle of the performance, the manager hastily substituted the last act of "When Knights Were Bold" with the greater part of the audience none the wiser. And none the worse, perhaps.

Mr. Coward returned to London to find his "Bitter Sweet" still playing to standees after a year's run at His Majesty's in the Haymarket, with our own Peggy Wood in the leading rôle. Shortly after the three-hundredth performance, Maestro Cochran presented her with a night off. In her place you might have been of several minds how best to spend your first free weekday evening in a year. Miss Wood was of only one. She bounced right over to Paris to see "Au Temps des Valses," the French production of "Bitter Sweet." I imagine she rather enjoyed it, for Mamselle Marnac was, to my notion, quite distressing in the leading rôle. As the trembling little English maiden, she suggested nothing so much as a veteran female impersonator, her own black hair inadequately concealed by a taffy-colored chignon which resembled a pump-handle of bird's-eye maple.

AND speaking of names—as I was on this page a fortnight since—I must acknowledge some samples sent in from around the country. For instance, I hear from Milwaukee that a young couple out there who were presented with a lakeside cottage built on a little peninsula are calling it Given Point. Dear, dear! Then Dr. George Baehr, attending physician of Mt. Sinai Hospital, has a summer home at Westport, Connecticut, which he calls Bedside Manor. The rascal!

But I was interested in the more horrendous specimens. If memory serves, I mentioned the New England roadside café roguishly entitled The No Namie and the Riviera villa called the I Love Dolly. It was provincial of me to imply that one must go thus far afield for such morsels. Why, right under the balcony of Wits End, at the pier of the Montauk Yacht Club, there was anchored all last week a saucy craft called the UANI, just like that. That name created an inner malaise and I was in fear lest sometime, just when the owner was going aboard, I should throw the consequences on his head—as striking an instance of destructive criticism as that historic moment when Tonstant Weader, in reviewing an A. A. Milne whimsy, became so dreffle sick. As for the name of the Singapore troupe, I might as well give it. After all, I can prove it by clippings and playbills. They call themselves—honestly they do—The Quaints. —ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

ADVERTISING PAGES REMOVED

# MUSICAL EVENTS

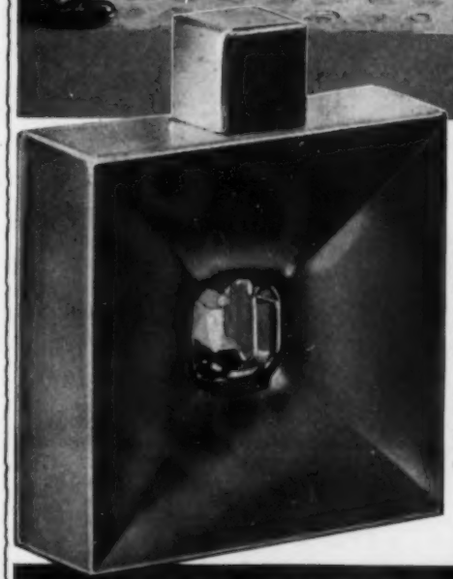
*The Concert Season Starts With Quite a Bang*

WHEN I made my début in Carnegie Hall many years ago (as page-turner), the soloist of the evening was an eminent European soprano, who relieved the tension which troubled both of us by telling me about conductors under whose direction she had sung in Germany. Since that time, many of these maestri have been heard in town, and on every occasion I have found the singer's estimates to be accurate. Consequently, when Erich Kleiber was about to appear with the Philharmonic-Symphony, I recalled her comment that he was a man who "dragged the inner voices into the light;" and again I must report that my co-artist of other days was correct.

FOR the first half of Mr. Kleiber's program, it was difficult to gauge his abilities. His "Freischütz" overture was the overture to an opera—a vehement, seat-lifting outburst. His adventures with an unfamiliar "Serenade" by Mozart were baffling. Although a few of the string players were permitted to take their leave while this chamber music was being performed, the remaining fiddles seemed to be too aggressive, and the whole dynamic scheme was scaled to the Hippodrome rather than to Carnegie Hall. The acoustics of Carnegie Hall are peculiarly sensitive; and many another conductor has, unwittingly, converted his Mozart into dynamozart.

AFTER the intermission, however, Mr. Kleiber began to come into his own. It became plain that he has complete command of the orchestra—which, by the way, is more than ever a virtuoso band—and that he is a master of effects, many of which he creates, as my celebrated colleague of our Carnegie Hall recital observed, by underscoring inner voices. Beethoven's Eighth Symphony is tricky business for any conductor; it has been described as "*aufgeknöpft*" (unbuttoned) by the generally proper Grove, and there always is a temptation not only to unbutton but to fling away the garments entirely. There also is the possibility


LIONCEAU



Pierre Precieuse—truly a jewel perfume. An incomparably fascinating odeur . . . provocative, glamorous, alluring . . . appealing alike to the exquisite American woman and her Continental prototype. A perfume to enhance the charm of today's sophisticate. The price, $50.

*At all the better shops*

PARFUMS LIONCEAU
Incorporated
PARIS
Clichy, (Seine et Oise)
NEW YORK
565 Fifth Avenue

SPECIAL PRIZE IN MARLBORO AMATEUR COPY CONTEST

MR. CECIL HOLM of PHILADELPHIA won 100th Prize with this advertisement

(For other prize winners watch magazines and newspapers.)

ALL WET!

IS THAT YOUR CIGARETTE THIRTY SECONDS FROM THE LIGHT... A CROSS BETWEEN AN APRIL SHOWER AND A FORK FULL OF HAY... TONGUE TREATED FOR FEAR OF LOSING HALF YOUR LIP.... OR HAVE YOU DISCOVERED THE NEW PLEASURES IN... MARLBORO IVORY TIPS

THE SMOKE AS SMOOTH AS THE TIP

....why take chances with cheap cigarettes? Enjoy Marlboro—a cigarette for those who can afford 20c for the best.

MARLBORO

*Plain or Ivory Tipped: No Difference in Price*

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,

CLOTHING,

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

© BROOKS BROTHERS

1818 AND TO-DAY

Clothes and Accessories for Autumn

*Send for "A Wardrobe for Business"*

BRANCH STORES

BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET

NEWPORT PALM BEACH

of putting skirts on this symphony. Mr. Kleiber treated it robustly and cholerically, with many splashes of ill-humor—a version which, I suspect, would have pleased the composer immensely. It was not classical (whatever that may be), but it was thoroughly alive.

BY way of finale, there was "Till Eulenspiegel," without which no conductorial début is complete. Of recent years, we have had a preponderance of light, fanciful performances of this Rondo. The composer's subtitle indicates that the piece is in the manner of a rascal's legend, and Mr. Toscanini, for instance—if one may for-instance Mr. Toscanini—concerns himself principally with the legend. Mr. Kleiber is more interested in the rascal. His performance is broadly rhythmical, with shattering climaxes. Again, there were heavily punctuated inner voices which hitherto hardly had been perceptible.

A CONCERT in which three of the items obviously are warhorses of the conductor hardly tells the story of the man as a musician, but I think that the Philharmonic-Symphony consumers will enjoy Mr. Kleiber. Whatever he may reveal hereafter, he has proved that he knows his trade. When he knows more about the acoustic properties of the Hall, we shall know more about him. —R. A. S.

## CONCERT-MUSIC RECORDS

### *Symphony and Concerto —Even More "Aïda"*

THE list of Brahms symphonies, issued by Victor, is complete now with the Second (Album M-82) performed by Dr. Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra. If you want Quaker Brahms in large bowlfuls, you can get the first three symphonies by the virtuoso band from Broad Street. The Fourth is an importation, conducted by Hermann Abendroth, who is rather more orthodox than Dr. Stokowski. In case you prefer to have a variety of experiences with the symphonies of Brahms, you may substitute for Stokowski's album of the First Symphony one led by Weingartner (Columbia) or Klemperer (Odeon). Columbia also has a set of the Second Symphony, directed by Dr. Damrosch.

SOMEBODY must be buying recorded piano concerti, because the

# IN THE DARK ALL CATS ARE GREY

So, too, all cars find a ready market when the country is bounteously prosperous and customers are prodigal of easy money. But what happens when the customer becomes more careful in his buying? That is the true test of a product's integrity and standing in the community.

For the past twelve months, a period during which buying has been done with greater care, the curve of Chrysler sales in its field has steadily mounted despite a recession in the industry's total sales.

Back of this Chrysler success there is neither luck nor mystery. Chrysler success is based purely and simply on the unfailing way in which Chrysler cars satisfy and delight their owners.

Chrysler excellence over a long period of years—not just some of the time, but *all* of the time—has given the public lasting faith in Chrysler, and has rewarded Chrysler with years of uninterrupted leadership.

Every Chrysler creation has always lived up to the very letter and spirit of every claim made for it. Now, as from the beginning, Chrysler welcomes the buyer who must be shown value, and the rising curve of public preference for Chrysler cars in this period of careful buying graphically presents the reason for Chrysler's willingness to submit to every comparative test of merit.

Now, as from the beginning, Chrysler holds first place in performance. Chrysler cars have proved themselves absolutely dependable and exceptionally long-lived; and because of their speed and ease of handling, they are usually driven faster and harder than other cars. Chrysler has pioneered and popularized more innovations and advancements than any other motor car manufacturer.

Chrysler engineering genius, demonstrated again and again, has accustomed the whole world to expect great things of Chrysler.

Thus today, when purchasers are refusing to buy in the dark but are closely examining every claim and are conscientiously proving out every promise, the Chrysler Sixes and the new Chrysler Straight Eights enjoy mounting, world-wide acceptance because there is a decided public conviction that whatever Chrysler does, Chrysler does best.

CHRYSLER SIXES—17 body styles, $795 to $1295. NEW CHRYSLER EIGHT—7 body styles, $1495 to $1665. NEW CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT—4 body styles, $2495 to $2895. *F.O.B. Factory.*

# CHRYSLER

Simons-Stewart Company, Inc.
1425 Bedford Ave., Sterling 2800, Brooklyn

Simons-Stewart Company, Inc.
1745 B'way at 50th St., Sus. 2300, New York City

DeCozen Motor Co.
1220 Broad St., Terrace 6900, Newark

THE favorite—whose flashing hoofs have brought him in ahead so many times! Again he shows his mettle! Again he leads the field.

# *for* MILDER ..*and* BET

*Chesterfield Cigarettes are manufactured by* LIGGETT & MYOBACCO

# ONE *will always stand out!*

KEEPING UP THE PACE... never letting down... that's what wins on the track—and in a cigarette, too.

Chesterfield smokers stick to Chesterfield, because here they find those essentials of true smoking enjoyment which never tire, never vary:

*MILDNESS*—the wholly natural mildness of tobaccos that are without harshness or bitterness.

*BETTER TASTE*—such as only a cigarette of wholesome purity and better tobaccos can have.

ETTER TASTE

They Satisfy

TT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

LE MOMENT RIDICULE
[THE RIDICULOUS MOMENT]

When you are taking le chien (the dog) for a promenade (walk) and you meet the only girl in the world . . . retain your aplomb (pronounced aplomb)

*be nonchalant . . .*

LIGHT A MURAD
[PRONOUNCED PERFECT BY DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS]

© P. Lorillard Co.

·375 PARK AVENUE
·340 PARK AVENUE
·116 EAST 53rd STREET

SEVERAL ATTRACTIVE APARTMENTS FROM 3 TO 13 ROOMS.

Apply to
R. C. VOTH
375 PARK AVENUE
TELEPHONE PLAZA 7116
OR YOUR OWN BROKER

supply of them is increasing rapidly. The latest—and one of the best so far—is the Chopin F-minor (Album 143), played by Marguerite Long, assisted by the Paris Conservatory Orchestra, and conducted by the ubiquitous Philippe Gaubert. Columbia's piano recordings are unusually clean, and this concerto, which is predominantly lyrical, has been "taken" skillfully. Miss, Mademoiselle, or Madame Long seems not to be one of the ladies who play so loudly that they could not possibly be mistaken for men, and the somewhat salonish refinement of the music comes through without exaggeration.

Columbia also offers an excellent waxing of Chopin's "Butterfly" study (2262-D), followed by the Godowsky transcription of the same étude—a brilliant bit of stunt playing by Victor Schioler, concerning whose past I can tell you nothing. On the other side, there is Rachmaninoff's G-minor Prelude, tossed off perhaps a little too easily. In any event, here is a record which marks further progress in piano recording.

One of the worst piano recordings yet issued also is available this month, but if you want it, you'll have to look for it.

WITH complete "Aïdas" by Victor and Columbia, along with great stretches of the opera by Odeon, it would seem that "Aïda" admirers ought to be satisfied; but Victor piles up more this month with "Ritorno Vincitor" and "O Patria Mia" (7106), sung by Mme. Rethberg, and an assortment of duets and trios by Mme. Rethberg and the Signori Lauri-Volpi and de Luca. These artists are more distinguished than the workers in the album sets, but if you have an album set, it won't be necessary to replace anything. The difference is not so great as all that. Signor de Luca's singing is amazing; and he records perfectly. His tenor compatriot is up to his old trick of bellowing, but the beauty of the voice is always evident. Mme. Rethberg's powers also are obvious on these records, but I wonder if enough care has been taken in microphoning her. There is a touch of stridency in her records that never appears in her sessions on the stage.

THOSE who mourn the absence of Mr. Mengelberg may find comfort in his performance of the "Magic Flute" overture for Victor (1486) with the Philharmonic-Symphony. It is handsomely recorded, and ranks with the best of current orchestral offerings.

—R. A. S.

*That*

## INDESCRIBABLE SOMETHING

•

IN the rose, living within its loveliness, dwells the essence of its soul—a delightful, enthralling something that words cannot describe.

And in Schrafft's candies lies a captivating goodness equally beyond words. We are asked to describe their deliciousness—to paint word-pictures of their tempting tastiness. But this we cannot do.

We can tell only that into them we blend the purest ingredients, with the artistry of skill and the patience of care. But their deliciousness, their incomparable goodness—this we cannot recreate in type. It is that *indescribable something* that is Schrafft's.

SCHRAFFT'S

*Selected Candies and Chocolates*

SCHRAFFT'S *selected candies and chocolates are packed in many styles, from one to five pounds to the package—at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00 the pound.*

W. F. SCHRAFFT & SONS CORPORATION • *New York and Boston* • OWNED AND OPERATED BY FRANK G. SHATTUCK COMPANY

# Just made for careless hands!

SWIS-S-H-H goes a young, headless arm across the table. The expectant ear awaits the inevitable Cras-s-h-h of broken glassware. But there is no crash—just a merry bumping and bouncing of the tumbler. A provident family had fortunately substituted "Beetleware" ★unbreakable tumblers in place of the breakables. This new, fascinating product does not break under ordinary stress. Thus, it is a marvelous economy throughout the home, at table, in the nursery, bathroom, or kitchen.

It has many other charms, too. It is as delicately thin as fragile glass, yet it sides are tough and strong. It is translucent and gorgeously colored. "Beetleware" tumblers (with coasters to match) come in six lovely pastel tones and three solid colors—red, orange, black. Marvelous accessories for bridge, luncheon, tea, picnics. Ideal gifts.

Other "Beetleware" Items:

Lovely tall tumblers, with coasters, for iced drinks. Tumblers in sets of six nested in leather picnic cases. Bridge sets of 4 tumblers with coasters. Bridge sets of 4 tumblers with coasters. Cups and saucers, salad plates, bread and butter plates, small oval trays—smart for informal service. Whoopee cups—6 jolly little cups, in gay assorted colors, nestling within the largest one, under a cover.

"Beetleware"
Durable Tumblers
BEETLEWARE CORPORATION
535 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK
*A division of American Cyanamid Company*


## STORIES OF TODAY

### CRIME-CURBING

Clergymen of Chattanooga
Edited the *News* of that city
For one day only,
At the invitation
Of the publisher.

Their only change
Was to throw out an article
On how to play bridge!

### MORTIFICATION

Officer William Whitwell
Was recently assigned
To the special task
Of preventing thefts
Of automobiles.

A day later
He agonizedly reported
The theft of his own
Bright yellow police car.

### ONE SOLUTION

As the Arabs of Tunis
Refuse to work
More than two days a week,
The authorities are trying
To popularize moviegoing
Among their women,

Hoping that the ladies'
Demand for attendance money
Will stimulate the men
To do more work.

### ENNUI

The Anti-Matrimony Club,
Organized twenty years ago
By fifteen physicians
In Hammond, Indiana,
Is no more.
The last holdout,
Dr. R. O. Ostrowski,
Has just married.

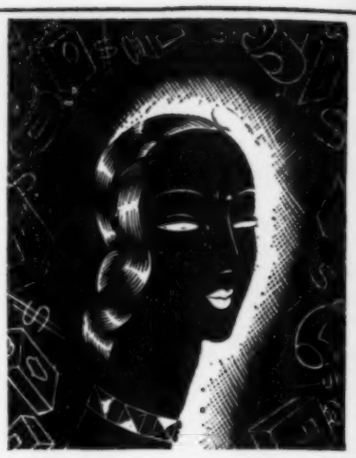
"Out of boredom,"
He explains.

### TAKING ADVANTAGE

M. D. Mooneyham,
Of Raleigh, North Carolina,
Went out to solicit votes
For his candidacy
As township constable.

When he came back
He learned that
Prohibition officials
Had raided his home
And seized ten gallons
Of excellent whiskey.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

SAVE TIME..MONEY..FACE

Don't tail along at the end of a procession of bottles and jars that eat up your allowance and gum up your dates . . . Geranium Cream is a complete beauty kit—2 minutes at night—skin food, refiner, gentle bleach—2 minutes in the morning—make-up foundation and shiny-nose preventive.

COSTS THREE-FIFTY . LASTS 6 MONTHS

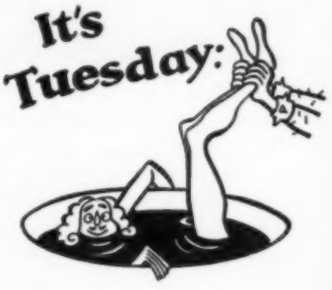
At your favorite Fifth Avenue store and at Abraham & Straus Beauty Salon, Brooklyn

GERANIUM CREAM

PRODUITS NINA, INC., 580 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.

●

**TUESDAY—the last day of the traitor Duke of Clarence who, when asked to choose the method of his execution, said he would be drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine, of which he was very fond; thus becoming**




**the patron saint of the Light Wines and Beer Movement. Tuesday is also the day when you'd better be hanged than miss The Premier Chef and his Salad Dressers, who send the most intoxicating musical program on the air over WABC at 8:45 p.m.**

●

ADVERTISING PAGES REMOVED

# FOOTBALL

*Suicide Corner — When Is a Kickoff Not a Kick-off?—Notes on N.Y.U.*

LAST Saturday I had a look at New York University's team, playing in the Yankee Stadium against West Virginia Wesleyan. It was a typical early-season game for N.Y.U.; its opponent chosen to give it a good workout, the finale—with Wesleyan, groggy and hanging on the ropes, getting pushed all around—foreordained. The game gave N.Y.U. and N.Y.U.'s quarterback, Joe LaMark, lessons right out of the book: (a) that sloppy tackle-play may let a smart runner, like the Southerners' Gip Battles, through to dodge the secondaries and run sixty yards; (b) that either corner of the field inside the five-yard line is aptly named Suicide and one mustn't run one's team into it or it will cost a touchdown. Fate, the schoolmaster, let the class cut Lesson C, which is: don't gamble with passes when you're way ahead; for N.Y.U. kept passing the way Wesleyan, with everything to gain and nothing to lose, should have. However, instead of one of the passes landing in a free Virginian's arms, they all made safe voyages; and N.Y.U. may have that chapter to study over some day after a game against a smarter team.

JUST the same, N.Y.U. has a pretty good-looking eleven. It's fast as all getout. It uses spinner plays, quite like Yale's, gets them under way more quickly, and throws what looks like a cavalry troop ahead of the runner. If you're going to an N.Y.U. game, keep an eye out for tricky business on the receiving end of passes. The majority of the throws land in districts thickly inhabited by N.Y.U. men and each player has something to do. The thud of the ball in the receiver's arms is the signal for all sorts of things: men criss-cross in front of the runner, interference forms quickly, the receiver knows just where to dart. All of which is smart football; a completed pass should begin the gain, not end it.

The only reservation this observer felt after watching the N.Y.U. team was the usual slight distrust of plays built around speed: a line hits them a little harder than they're accustomed to

*Evening in Paris*

This enchanting perfume creation by BOURJOIS is as alluring, as sophisticated, as *French*, as the gay Paris from which it comes. The magic spell of its fragrance is cast over Evening in Paris face powder, rouge, and many other exquisite toilet essentials, as well.

Tune in on the New EVENING IN PARIS HOUR every Monday night at 9:30 Eastern time, over the Columbia Network.

BOURJOIS

NEW YORK Rue de la Paix PARIS

being hit, the timing is thrown out, and there is a sound of stripped gears. It may be that N.Y.U. has the power too—the line is big enough; one just couldn't be sure watching it against Wesleyan.

I GAVE a little lecture last week about watching football, suggesting that you'd get more fun out of the game if you picked individual linesmen and watched them match strength and guile. Further hint: watch the right side of the line on offence, the left side on defence. The great majority of the plays go to the right. On kicks, watch the kicker's ends or his fellow-backs, whose job it is to meet and block the enemy ends charging the punter.

THERE is a school of football critics which has been arguing that the spirit is gone from the old game. Players, they preach, hate their job. Intensive training takes all the fun out of it. During recent years, men have gone on the field in a sort of hypnotic trance, lured there solely by hope of headlines. It is, the critics conclude, only the old, old grad, hero of the glamorous nineties, who really loves football. I offer them this one: A certain young man who captained one of the Big Three teams not over five years ago graduated to a job with a great industrial concern. He did well and his first request was for permission to return to his school each fall to help coach. It was granted. Came this year and rumor of a merger, and his boss informed him that his fall leave was off. Instead he was to receive a

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE NEW YORKER, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1930, State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared C. E. Brindley, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of THE NEW YORKER and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, general manager and business manager are: Publisher, R. H. Fleischmann, 151 East 74th Street, New York City. Editor, H. W. Ross, 277 Park Avenue, New York City. Managing Editor, None. General Manager, E. R. Spaulding, Ridgewood, New Jersey. Business Manager, C. E. Brindley, 136 West 91st Street, New York City. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; R. B. Bowen, New Rochelle, N. Y.; C. R. Fleischmann, 71 East 77th Street, New York City; R. G. Fleischmann, 151 East 74th Street, New York City; R. H. Fleischmann, 151 East 74th Street, New York City; Jane Grant, Savoy Plaza Hotel, New York City; J. Hanrahan, 44 Gramercy Park, No., New York City; R. Irvin, Palisade Avenue, Spuyten Duyvil, New York; H. W. Ross, 277 Park Avenue, New York City; A. H. Samuels, 10 East 85th Street, New York City; E. R. Spaulding, Ridgewood, N. J.; R. H. Truax, 412 West 47th Street, New York City; Katharine S. White, 16 East 8th Street, New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. C. E. Brindley, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1930 (Seal.) CHARLES B. FRASCA, Notary Public, New York County Clerk's No. 167, New York Register's No. 1F117. (My commission expires March 30, 1931.)

+ ONE NIGHT MAY DECIDE +

Why not try the Sherry-Netherland when staying in town overnight? Its private-home luxury and Sherry-trained service may solve your winter's "where-to-live" problem.

•

FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH STREET, NEW YORK

Hicks' Steamer Baskets for Ocean Travelers

Merry Trip Box for Week End Parties

HICKS' FAMOUS SODAS

H. HICKS & SON INCORPORATED

675 FIFTH AVENUE AT 53RD STREET

NEW YORK

The flavor, the savor, the candy-joy of ordinary bulky confections are all *concentrated* in the miniature Black Seal Gobelin Chocolates. Each separate flavor makes a distinct, instant register. All the satisfying taste is given in one-fourth the size.

BLACK SEAL

GOBELIN *Chocolates*

substantial raise when the merger came. That was a month ago. Last week I saw him. "Tough about not being able to go back," I ventured. "Oh nuts," he said, "I'm going back." "But—" "I know," was his answer, "I lose the raise and maybe the job. But what the hell? Football's the only thing I've ever got a kick out of. Sure, I'm going back." When last heard of, his friends were still holding midnight sessions trying to dissuade him.

WHILE on the old-grad subject, the swellest story I know has to do with the letters they still write. A few years ago—I've just heard the tale—there was a great to-do at one college over the kickoffs. Kickoffs won games, the art was dying. After the big game, two letters arrived for the coach. Each was from a prominent alumnus. The first held that the kickoffs the Saturday before had been the best in the institution's history—long, high, spinning, almost as easy to cover as they were impossible to catch. The second letter damned the whole business, waxed bitter and sarcastic over the feeble boots, and suggested the need for a coach who could produce an adequate performer. Amusing enough; but the point is that during the game in question the home team never once kicked off!

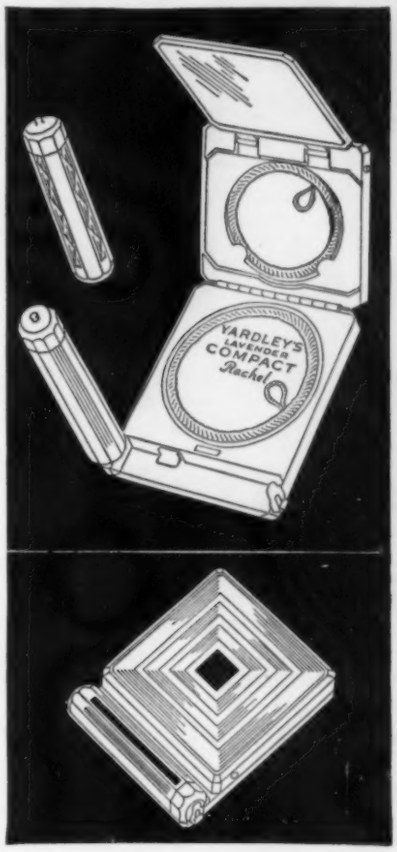
SEEN at that N.Y.U. game: The Yankee Stadium out-Meadow-Brooking Meadow Brook with tampers dressed in uniform. . . . N.Y.U.'s band (which went to camp to practice marching) looking overtrained—the flutes were out of step. I suggest they lay off scrimmaging a few days. . . . The saluting cannon still being fired on scores—a little late when its gunner gets too excited. . . . The N.Y.U. team still using that circus shift: line up, back to the line, wheel, hip, hip, hip, and off. . . . The Wesleyan man who stood patiently while an elaborate dressing was plastered on his chin—and then tore it off the second the trainer's back was turned. . . . That blue haze of cigarette smoke which hangs over football games in baseball stadiums. —LINESMAN

•

To brighten gold braid, give it a cake, put it whole into a steamer and steam for 20 minutes; it will then be thoroughly warm. Split in two, toast and butter well.—*Brooklyn Daily Times.*

And what have you?

FOR LADIES WHO LOSE THEIR *Lipsticks*




LIPSTICKS come and lipsticks go. But more often they seem to go . . . and what is so utterly gone as a lipstick when it's lost?

Wherefore, this Yardley Triple Compact with the lipstick attached . . . made part of the case . . . anchored so firmly that to lose it would be a difficult and complicated task.

This compact has two lipsticks . . . natural for daytime, vivid or cherry for evening . . . full-sized and interchangeable. It has, too, powder and rouge . . . and a modern green and silver case of slender lines engraved around a plaque of jade enamel. A charming thing. $3.50 (with both lipsticks). A gift box of just the two lipsticks is $1.50. Or you may buy them separately for 75 cents each. Go to your favorite shop.

*Yardley's*

ENGLISH LAVENDER

**on these autumn nights...**

**the place to be is the Terrace Restaurant of The New Yorker. Bernie Cummin's music is as spicy as the air outside... the food makes you forget all dieting schemes... the life is a slice of Manhattan's gayest. And, it certainly isn't expensive...no couvert at dinner—$1 couvert after 10 p.m. except Saturdays and Holidays—then $2.**

New Yorker room rates are $3.50 a day and up, with thrifty reductions to permanent guests

**THE NEW YORKER**

Manhattan's Largest and Tallest Hotel
34th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City
Ralph Hitz · Managing Director

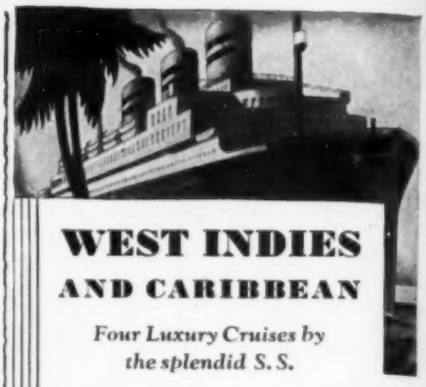
# THE RACE TRACK

*Twenty Grand Pays a Bonus—Equipoise at the Barrier—The Sanfords' Luck Turns at Last*

MOST of us who went down to Aqueduct last weekend believed that Equipoise was as near a certainty for the Junior Champion Stakes as there can be in racing. The collectors of autographs were of the same opinion, for they quoted Harry Whitney's colt at 1–5. However, the unexpected happened, for, after having won his race a furlong from home, he was caught and beaten by Mrs. Payne Whitney's Twenty Grand, who backed up a determined piece of riding by Kurtsinger in the gamest possible manner.

It was just one more example of the pitcher taken to the well once too often —always the temptation with the money-spinner of a stable. Equipoise has started fourteen times, making his bow at Bowie early in April, and his races in the Champagne Stakes, The Futurity, and the Eastern Shore Handicap were hard, so I think we may take it for granted that he has trained off. He stripped noticeably light for the Junior Champion, and at the barrier fought sullenly with the assistant starter, who held his head, instead of fighting with his usual abandon. When the tapes went up, he was last away in the field of seven, and Workman, who puts more faith in the efficacy of the whip than in taking the shortest way home, was making calls on him after half a mile. He headed Ormsby, who William Woodward hoped would duplicate the feat of Gallant Fox in the race a year ago, but Twenty Grand, who was running on the rails all the way, came up to win by a length.

HOW many bright little girls and boys remember that I called attention in these notes last week to the bad luck of Twenty Grand in the Babylon Handicap? No, I forgot it, too, in a light blue haze. On his form in the Junior Champion, which was at one mile, I am inclined to think we have seen in Mrs. Whitney's colt one of the possible classic winners of next season. He is bred to stay a route, for



**WEST INDIES AND CARIBBEAN**

*Four Luxury Cruises by the splendid S. S.*

**STATENDAM**
and
**VOLENDAM**

**S. S. STATENDAM,** the largest vessel operating in the Caribbean, sails on two 16 day cruises, leaving New York

***Dec. 20, 1930 and Jan. 8, 1931***

visiting Nassau, Port-au-Prince, Kingston (Jamaica), Colon (Panama Canal) and Havana

Complete program of shore arrangements and all special cruise features, in cooperation with the Raymond-Whitcomb Company.

**S. S. VOLENDAM,** the popular mid-winter visitor at all important West Indian and Caribbean ports, will make two cruises

***Jan. 21, 1931 and Feb. 11, 1931***
(18 Days) (29 Days)

Carefully planned shore excursions for these two Volendam Cruises are included in the rates, and are under management of the Frank Tourist Company.

**Providing every comfort—impeccable cleanliness—unsurpassed cuisine, personal service and attention, these glorious cruises afford an opportunity to evade our Winter climate and to bask in the sparkling sunshine of the West Indies.**

*Illustrated booklet "1" with full details sent on request*

21-24 State Street, New York
*Phone Bowling Green 5600*

**HOLLAND AMERICA LINE**

*Branch offices and agents in all principal cities*

LOUNGING PAJAMAS
UNUSUAL GIFTS

PAIGE PAJAMAS
FIFTH AVENUE
Between 59th & 60th Streets
SHERRY-NETHERLAND HOTEL

his sire, St. Germans, whom Harry Whitney bought from Lord Astor, is by Swynford-Hamoaze, and is a half-brother to Buchan. He gets his name from his dam, Bonus. Twenty Grand is my idea of a bonus.

HEIGH Ho! here we are at the Jamaica track again—and I hope you like it. My One Best Bet for the meeting is: bring your overcoat.

EVER since Laddie Sanford won the Liverpool Grand National with Sergeant Murphy seven years ago, he and his father have gone in for steeplechasing in a serious way on this side of the Atlantic, but I believe you could count their winners on the fingers of one hand. A man, however big and full his money bags, needs to have patience and philosophy if he is not to lose heart at this game. He may not mind losing his money. There may be an inexhaustible supply of that, but the other thing is easy to lose. Now the Sanfords have the best jumper in training in Tourist II, and a close second in Royal Falcon, who was the best horse over hurdles in England two seasons back. Both will be prominent in the events through the field at Laurel.

I DO hope the Aqueduct management will discontinue hurdle racing next season. The two events run off at the fall meeting were more of a travesty than the steeplechases at Saratoga. It was a miracle that horses and riders escaped fatal injury, and we all breathed easier when the last was over. Still, I don't remember a more spectacular leap over the bars at a horse show than that of Mrs. John Hay Whitney's Abdul II last Saturday. He took the wing of a hurdle in high-jump style and just missed being impaled on the flag.

THERE are horses for seasons as well as courses. Such a one is William Ziegler, Jr.'s, Spinach, who has followed up his victory in the Potomac Handicap by winning the Havre de Grace Cup. Now he will run for the Hawthorne Gold Cup in Chicago, and, I daresay, the Latonia Championship. Horses do a lot of travelling these days. Little Questionnaire seems to

# *Now...* try Kleenex for Handkerchiefs

It is softer, more hygienic.
Ideal for colds, hay fever.

YOU know what Kleenex Tissues are . . . those soft, dainty tissues that smart and beautiful women are using to remove cold cream.

But did you know that Kleenex is rapidly replacing handkerchiefs among progressive people?

Kleenex is so much more sanitary. You use it just once, then discard it. Cold germs are discarded too, instead of being carried about in an unsanitary handkerchief, to reinfect the user and infect others.

And Kleenex is infinitely more comfortable. Every tissue that touches your face is soft, dry, gentle and absorbent.

Kleenex is the size of a handkerchief. It's very soft. Each tissue comes from the box immaculately clean and fresh.

You can buy Kleenex in a large or small size package at any drug, dry goods or department store.

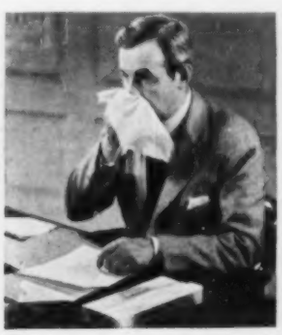
The coupon below will bring you a generous sample, absolutely free.

Kleenex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

*Kleenex comes in white, and in three lovely tints. Colors are guaranteed safe and pure.*

**OFFICE WORKERS** *find Kleenex invaluable for handkerchiefs, for applying make-up, for towels, and for removing creams after the daytime cleansing treatment which every complexion should have.*

**MOTHERS** *have discovered that Kleenex makes perfect handkerchiefs for children. What if it's lost? . . . the cost is not worth figuring. And think—no more washing of grimy little handkerchiefs.*



**FOR COLDS AND HAY FEVER.** *Other people appreciate your use of Kleenex during colds instead of the germ-filled handkerchief, which is a menace to those about you.*

## FREE TRIAL PACKAGE

KLEENEX COMPANY, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.

Please send me a trial supply of Kleenex free of charge.

*Name*.....

*Street*.....

*City*.....*State*.....

NY-10

The SAVOY-PLAZA
New York

HENRY A. ROST *President*

IDEALLY located on Fifth Avenue, at the entrance to Central Park, The Plaza and Savoy-Plaza offer the highest standards of hospitality . . . National Hotel of Cuba, Havana, will open December 15, 1930.

HOTELS of DISTINCTION

FRED STERRY *President* — JOHN D. OWEN *Manager*

The PLAZA
New York

ESTABLISHED 1874

Wetzel

2 EAST FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

KNOWLEDGE of gentlemen's attire, and the ability to properly adapt it to individual requirements, are fundamentals of WETZEL service.

have had a bit too much of it. Or it may be that that race with Gallant Fox in the Lawrence Realization polished him off.

ANCHORS AWEIGH is off my book. Mrs. Payne Whitney's colt by Man o' War-Goodbye, who is the best-named and worst-mannered two-year-old in training, should be barred by the starter, but of course he may even escape the schooling list. His broncho behavior has broken up and delayed the starts of several of our most important races, and there was a decidedly sinister undercurrent to the talk on the lawn while he delayed his field last Friday, rumor having it that he would not leave the barrier no matter what happened. He did, however, and won, though those who had backed him had given up their bets as lost.

SOME day I hope the stewards of the meetings will insist that horses shall not be deliberately kept out of places they could occupy without being unduly pressed. I'm sure no one wants to see horses flogged out to finish in the money, but the backer is entitled to protection and does not want to see his money burned up merely because a jockey may be following instructions not to persevere if he cannot win. There's always another day, and the handicapper may not be watching every horse at the finish.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

## PHILOSOPHY

Slender flappers
  Gay and pretty
Have no need
  Of being witty.

The best wisecracks
  Are the tritest,
Beaux are baffled
  By the brightest.

Verbal efforts
  Oft distract them
From the charms
  That first attract them.

Since no heavy
  Cerebration
Helps to solve
  The sex-equation

Just ignore
  The why and wherefore—
Brains are something
  Men don't care for.

—ANGELA CYPHER

## NET RESULTS OF TRAVEL

CULTURE is supposed to follow travel. Secure in this belief, I have, in my methodical way, noted down the net results of a first summer in England, including only such facts as I had not known before through ordinary education and reading. If this be culture, make the most of it. For the trifling sum expended for the purchase of this publication, these bits of information picked up during a four months' stay in England are at the command of the reader. They are as follows:

1. Kenilworth Castle is made of red sandstone, the color of a New York side-street.

2. "Salad" means a bowlful of small tomatoes, two halves of an extraordinarily long variety of cucumber, and tough, though clean, lettuce. The cucumber one peels oneself. The salad is to be eaten with an American "salad cream," which nobody eats at home, served in the original bottle or with something just like it served in a decanter with rings around it so you don't drop it. There is no salad without cold meat. Salad at dinner is a good joke, and bad form.

3. Semolina pudding (see "Bulldog Drummond") is a thin, tapiocaish sort of gruel.

4. The papers advertise many houses with—say—seventeen bedrooms and two baths.

5. Hard candy is "boiled sweets."

6. A washcloth is a "face flannel."

7. Ice cream is "cream ice."

8. Housemaids get twenty to forty pounds a year (two dollars to four dollars a week, roughly).

9. The parade step of British troops is for some reason incredibly touching. So are the backs of Englishmen at the theatre when the national anthem is played.

10. English people who are at all friendly on slight acquaintance turn out to be Canadian.

11. Even the best papers print chiefly paragraphs about our gangsters and movie actors and actresses in their American news.

12. Tea is served at the matinée on trays after Act II. Tea is also served from carts on the platforms of railway stations, where there are large and convenient baskets for the dirty cups. But try to find "Information."

—ELIZABETH WYCKOFF

*"Too many operations!"*

Life for a certain city doctor kept growing more and more strenuous. He was on the staff of a large hospital. He had a rapidly increasing practice.

He had to make time for his surgical operations. He had little time to study investment trends. But he could not afford to neglect his personal investments. How could he attend to them quickly, safely and with full realization of opportunities?

WHAT he will find in National City service

CONVENIENT OFFICES.
National City offices throughout the world are at his command.

MARKET CONTACTS.
National City offices are in close touch with all investment markets.

INVESTMENT EXPERIENCE.
He will be dealing with an organization with a background of over a century of financial experience.

INVESTMENT RANGE.
National City's broad lists are made up from the world's finest investment offerings.

Whatever *your* investment problem may be, you will find practical and prompt assistance at your nearest National City office.

The National City Company

NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING, NEW YORK

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## FEMININE FASHIONS

IT gets more and more difficult for a girl. The town is teeming with fashions that are a joy to this jaded heart, and at least three-quarters of them are impossible to describe because of the new fabrics that compose them—fabrics which have to be seen and felt before you can realize how charming they are. For instance, you may think you are looking at a tweed, but you probably aren't, unless it is either in a plain color or in a plain color lightly flecked. If it is exciting in color and general tone, it is likely to be one of the new semiknit fabrics, having the outward appearance of a nubbly, multicolor tweed, and the softness and lightness of knit, and yet not having that pully quality which makes the figure billow and the hemline sag. Here and there in the column that follows (and it again seems to be an expensive column, in general), you will read of fabrics which you will have to imagine for yourselves—and take my word that they are all not only new but luscious.

DESPITE the many rumors which fly hither and thither, the fact remains that there is some designing going on here in New York which does not derive from Paris, though it is entirely in the spirit of the moment.

Hawes, at 8 West Fifty-sixth Street, is a girl with an imaginative twist of mind, a gift for cut that glorifies the figure, and an Idea in every costume. Some of the things are tricky and amusing, and difficult for any but the right type to wear; others conceal a novel idea behind apparent simplicity.

Being petite herself, Hawes quite naturally has a very special knack in designing for little women, whether they want an appearance of height and presence or choose to play up their small stature by perky businesses that no Grecian goddess could possibly attempt. In the former class is an evening dress called Picasso, of white, dull-surface satin. There is a bright patch of sapphire blue crêpe below the low, square décolletage in back; in front, the V-top comes together in a line straight down the centre, revealing a red triangle here and there. The lines are breath-taking in their simplicity, and give height. In the second, flip class, is a suit named after Jimmie Durante, for no reason. The dress of this has a top of white eyelet-silk jersey, and at the waistline turns into black broadcloth with a gathered ruffle low at the rear. Over this goes a broadcloth jacket with a ruffle set in back like a bolero. This wraps around in front, concealing the blouse entirely, and buttons behind at the waistline, with the effect of a black broadcloth dress for the street. An alternate blouse is of a new doeskin satin—heavy and dull-finished, and resembling vanilla mousse. Another flippant suit, called Amos 'n' Andy, is of a navy tweed, the jacket buttoned up high to the dark red satin revers, and having little godets sticking out in front. The blouse of this, which is fitted and plain, is of a tiny red-and-white checked silk tweed.

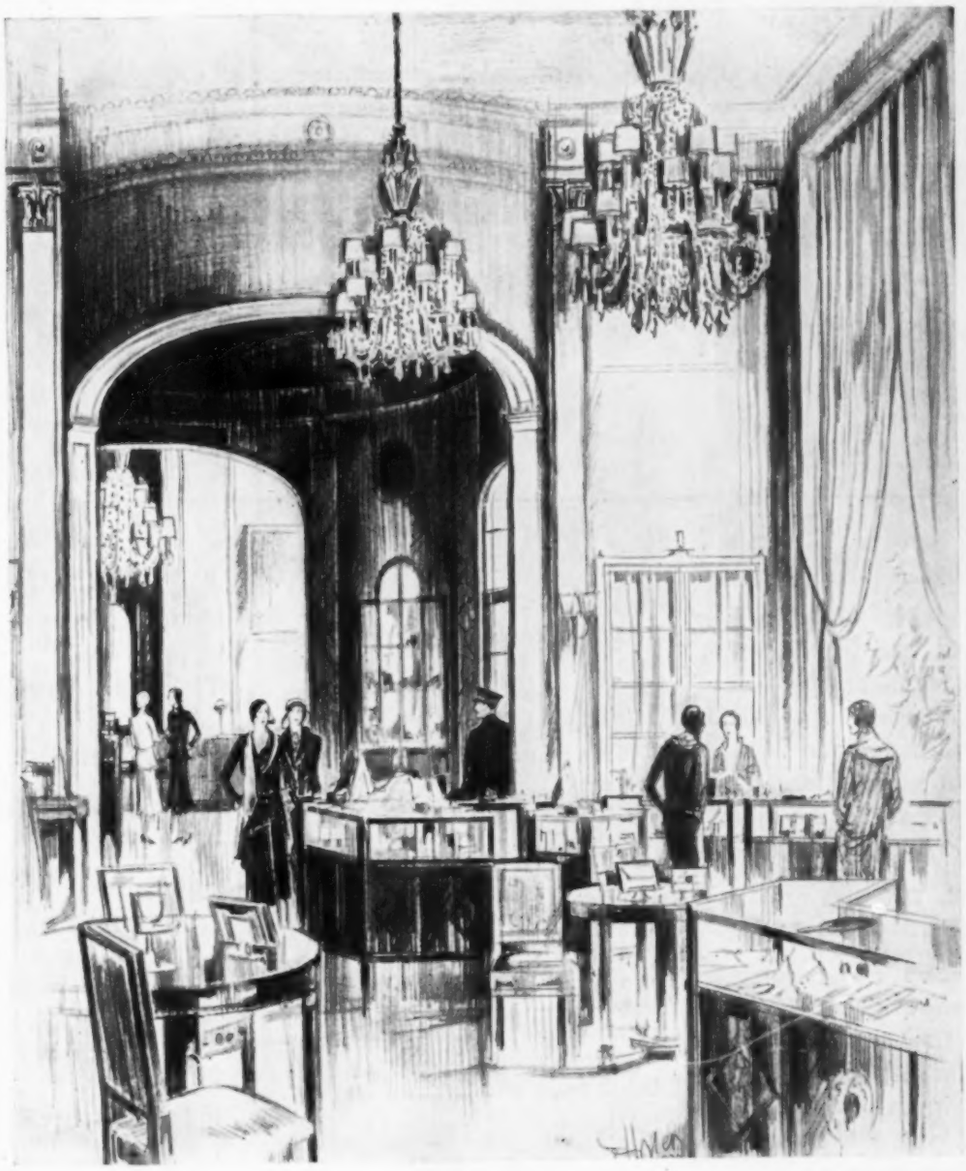
Among the other sensations, for you and you and you, is Anna Karenina, a dress of a very heavy black crêpe marocain (Hawes loves this fabric for evening) with the lowest possible front décolletage. It comes down in a deep oval, edged with a heavy ruffle, and has a daring quality that, I think, will come to stay about next year. You can wear a frilly muslin petticoat under this, if you like. Another evening dress, inappropriately called Sir Galahad, is of shimmering white, draped at the front in a Grecian manner and having the deep V-back, the up-and-down

*"This one doesn't seem to respond very easily."*

☆

*French chic . . . New York dash*

AT BERGDORF GOODMAN . . . ON THE PLAZA



In this year of grace and the tariff, smart American women will turn more than ever to Bergdorf Goodman for perfect gowning. Sensitive fashion-feeling, familiarity with the smart world, original designing, critical fitting, and knowledge of how to make a woman look better than her best are here as surely as on the *rue de la Paix.* French importations as usual, of course!

BERGDORF GOODMAN

NEW YORK

☆

When You're
ALL WET
reach for an
"OLD BLEACH"
IRISH LINEN
TOWEL

Adding a touch of color to the morning ritual and insuring the finest quality for those who enjoy the niceties of life . . . "OLD BLEACH" Pure Irish Linen Towels these days are doing more than their share to add to the morning smile.

NEW DESIGNS AND COLOURS

Pure white and ivory damask bordered towels with hand-tinted floral motifs, new textured bathroom linens in soft, pastel tones and borders in colour to match the new bathroom tiles... peach, lavender, green, blue, gold . . . and all these delicate shades are absolutely proof against sunlight and launder perfectly.

BOOKLET

"The Story of Old Bleach Linens" will be gladly mailed upon receipt of ten cents to cover postage.

Department B
THE "OLD BLEACH" LINEN CO., LTD.
448 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Works: Randalstown, No. Ireland
Member: Irish & Scottish Linen Damask Guild

SOLD BY BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE
"OLD BLEACH" LINEN

tuckings, and the high belt beloved of Empress Josephine. There are many others, some conservative and some eccentric, which are designed and made to order on the premises.

MORE designing, this time in a conservative vein, is done by Mabel Eldridge, at 22 East Sixty-seventh Street. Her appeal being mainly to the grande dame and her well-brought-up daughter, concentration is on beautiful detail and expert cut rather than on extreme lines or sensational ideas.

Mabel Eldridge's evening things are noted for beautiful beading and embroidery that give glitter without being too theatrical. There is one this year of pink georgette, with a bead fringe at the hips. Over this goes an evening wrap of black velvet, with a high, stand-up collar faced with pink flowers to frame the face. (This dress is for the daughter.) There is an older knee-length evening wrap of black velvet that is quilted like a waffle iron around the bottom, with glimpses of dull gold thread shimmering in it. This has a huge collar lined with quilted white velvet. An evening dress of white satin has glittering tiny rhinestones and embroidery from the décolletage to below the hips in back. This comes around the figure and gathers toward a point at the centre waistline in front. Then, there is a dress of emerald-green lace with purple violets at the waistline and a peplum, slightly stiffened, placed at exactly the right place below the hip on each side. Flattering to the figure, however weighty. For a young girl, look at a simple dress of black velvet, with a straight-across-the-shoulder neckline and a lace ruffle below that is not too darn quaint.

Great ladies have learned that they

Mrs. Franklin inc.

Announcing
the opening of
Our New Custom Made
Millinery
Department

Specializing in hats for the individual... Hats that are a complement to Franklin clothes for town and country .. Sketched is a model in French felt with medium brim of amusing cut . . . Made to order in all colors. $25.00

NEW YORK - 16 East 53rd St.
PHILADELPHIA-260 So. 17th St.
CHICAGO-132 E. Delaware Place
PALM BEACH

can find here those very dressy things for church weddings and afternoons at home—sometimes simple and slithery, of black georgette with satin leaves, ankle-length, and having sleeves; sometimes more spectacular, of georgette with turquoise embroidery on the dripping sleeves. There are pajamas, too, of flame lace over flame chiffon, or black chiffon and lace, becoming to any figure and concealing their real rôle from any except the discerning. For daytime, Mabel Eldridge does simple dresses, severe and up-and-down in line, with collars of white galliac, beading, or crêpe, and odd sleeves furnishing the main excitement. A grand fabric for these is a new silk-and-wool marocain. She uses a very heavy weight for coats or coat-dresses to be worn now, and a lighter one for the dresses beneath. All of these, too, are designed in Mabel Eldridge's own place and made to order.

Chez Ninon, at 551 Madison Avenue, makes a habit of seeking out French models that are not too popular around town, importing fabrics which are invariably marvellous, and making clothes for smart young sassiety matrons. This year, Chez Ninon modestly swears it has no rivals in sports fabrics. Great quantities of the new knits, particularly those that Chanel is manufacturing, clutter up the place. There is a country suit of a new-leaf green, pink, and brown nubbly tweed-knit. This fashions a jumper that buttons all the way down the front in the new way, a simple skirt, and a longish jacket with a collar of flying squirrel. Another sports costume uses a Chanel knit stuff that is all horizontal wavy lines in six or eight colors on a beige ground. This makes a simple, belted dress and a short jacket to match. If it is jerseys you crave, they have never

FIRST NIGHTS AND FURS! . . . Cheers are in order—not only for the new plays but for the sheer beauty of the new evening wraps of velvet or of fur . . . This being the season of important openings when evening wraps are in their pride and their glory, Jaeckel presents an exquisite and distinguished collection . . . But whether the models are by Paris or are exclusive Jaeckel creations, the furs—which are so important this season are always by Jaeckel.

H. JAECKEL & SONS

FIFTH AVENUE at 45th STREET

In this Sports Outfit
DIANA
Dons Trousers

A suede pull-over and beret—a divided skirt which com-pleat-ly (so sorry!) disguises its trouser virtues... Sizes 14 to 20.

Pull-over and beret—red... tan... green... $25.00

Woolen trouser-skirt—navy ...black... tan... $10.75

Street floor, north building

Diana Sportswear Shop
John Wanamaker New York
Wanamaker Place—Ninth Street at Broadway

been more popular. You can have one by Carette for informal morning or sports wear, also in a belted-dress-and-jacket form, decorated only by wavy horizontal tucks. Or, for formal town wear, look at one by Talbot, in black jersey with a simulated peplum, a belt, and flowers of *pink lace* making a fluff inside the revers of the turnback collar all around. The collar stands well off from the neck and is as feminine as possible. Jersey has come up in the world, and you will understand why if you can see one of the new crêpe ones—a silky, spongy, crêpy fabric that cannot be recognized as jersey at all. Knits also go townish in a black cloth suit by Carette, with a scarf collar of a black, pink, and beige knit, which also furnishes a frivolous short-sleeved blouse edged in every possible direction by ruffled treatments in knit. So silly!

A daytime sensation here is a brown wool coat from Vionnet (maybe it isn't wool at all, but chiffon—I wouldn't know any more) with a high stand-up collar, close around the throat, of brown caracul which descends to edge the bolero jacket. And for evening there is a dress of fuchsia lace. Two deep bands of ruching descend from the centre-front and go around to the back of the knees in the rear. Similar ruching outlines the straight-across décolletage.

HAVING a practical turn of mind by nature, which has not been obvious lately in this epidemic of made-to-order hoopla, I finally whipped over to Franklin Simon's sports department to find charming costumes for the likes of you and me, who pretend we don't want to bother with fittings, but, in reality, prefer spending $35 on a little costume to $250.

In the first place, there are some new Roberts sweaters for country wear —you know, simple things of wool in a foulard weave, lacy knits that are not too lacy for active sports; angoras, and such. A particularly grand thing is being done now about three-piece suits

Fownes

PIGSKIN GLOVES FOR FOOTBALL WEATHER

WHEN the big red or blue or green team comes trotting on the field this fall, you'll hear the applauding "pat-pat" of pigskin palms in all the better cheering-sections. Gloves of this sturdy leather were smart last season and their popularity is growing greater now. What more appropriate than pigskin for football? It is accepted, too, at all but the most formal occasions.

Only the finest imported pigskin goes into gloves by Fownes. It is tanned and cut with all the skill born of 150 years of glove-making. It is strongly sewn, correctly styled.

The results are really superlative —sporting, good-looking gloves—soft, pliable gloves—gloves that are kind to your budget because they wear so long and wash so well (in soap and water).

Illustrated here is a pair in the conventional snap-fastener style, $5. Other types at your favorite shop, in various leathers, from $3 to $15. Fownes Brothers & Co., Inc., 354 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

IT'S A
Fownes
THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT A GLOVE

for golf. One type I saw has a feather-stitch pull-on sweater with a plain cardigan; another has a plain sweater with a cardigan in a brown, beige, and white plaid. The great feature is that both types have simple homespun skirts woven of the same yarn as that composing the sweaters, so they match perfectly and yet have body. These cost about fifty-something dollars and are so correct, in the English manner, that you can't bear it. Another item, which you sportswomen would like, is imported cashmere pull-on sweaters for $10.

Elsewhere in the same department there is a dress of a tweed-knit fabric, very soft and loosely woven, but holding its lines perfectly. This is molded through the middle and belted; and its expensive look costs but a mere $29.50. There is a two-piece dress, of a brown knit with white flecks. The brown-and-white scarf loops over in front, and the jumper folds upon itself to give the effect of a belted jacket. They love tunics around here, many of them very Russian. There is a silly red jersey Russian blouse with a round neck, a casual tie belt, and a black jersey skirt. There are knit dresses of all types with sleeveless jackets to match. And then, for Sundays on your country-house weekends, or for town, take a look at a dress of wool lace, with a double-breasted tunic, a tie belt, and a scarf that weaves around the V-neck through various apertures in a most casual fashion. —L. L.

•

## PAVEMENT PORTRAITS

### MOTORMAN

He peers from his palpitant window,
Persuasively banging his bell,
And trekking a trail through the tangle
In the shade of the chequerboard "L."

And transit may roar and may rumble,
And traffic may ebb and may flow—
The motorman moves on his mission,
Serene and insistent and slow.

The taxis go swooping around him,
The truckmen cut under his nose—
He's cluttered with crowds at the crossings;
It's really a wonder he goes.

He doesn't pretend to be speedy,
He doesn't do tricks with a wheel;
He simply rides uptown and downtown
On a stately and uniform keel.

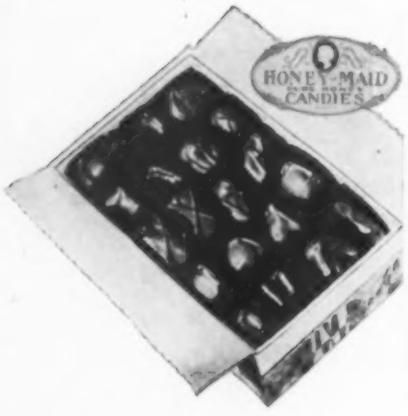
—Burke Boyce

We are showing a collection of ready to wear spectator sports clothes with the personality, workmanship and beauty of fabric one usually sees at establishments that make to measure only ■ Because we have long been known for our woolens, we emphasize our spectator sports clothes. Our collection includes, however, the formal town dress . . . selected with an eye to exactly how formal a smart woman wishes to be in town ■ To the woman who appreciates the taste and quality of the select and exclusive establishments we say: "Come in and see us . . . you'll be delighted to find such costumes ready to wear" ■

DE PINNA
FIFTH AVENUE AT 52nd STREET

Ph
Overlooking East River
New York's only club-hotel for college women also is available to non-college women, at surprisingly reasonable rates.
ROOM, BATH, $10 to $24 PER WEEK
New 26-story building — Lovely Lounges — Library — Roof Garden — Solarium — Gymnasium — Large outside rooms, some with balconies — Modern Furnishings — Attractive Restaurant. Meals optional, lease not required, cross-town bus service, special transient rates. Phone Eldorado 7300.
Sponsored by the National Pan-Hellenic College Women's Fraternities.
the PAN-HELLENIC
"A RESIDENCE FOR WOMEN"
3 MITCHELL PLACE
49th STREET AT FIRST AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

# Candies From Real Honey




*A Delightfully Different Gift for "SWEETEST DAY" Saturday, October 18th*

Offering a Smart, New Way to Enjoy Healthful Sweets

ENJOY piece after piece of these delightful chocolates with the assurance that they are more healthful and *less fattening*. Radically different in their lovely honeycomb packages and pleasingly varied assortments. Just imagine—nuts, fruits, chewey, marshmallows—all sorts of real clover honey centers covered with the finest of smooth chocolate. "Candy was just candy until HONEY-MAID happened along!"

*Honey-Maid Chocolates*

THE HONEY CANDY CO. of AMERICA . . . . . Buffalo, N. Y.
The Albert N. Duker Organization, New York Distributor, 140 William St.


## THE HOCKENPUTZ PLAYERS

MISS ERMYNTRUDE HOCKENPUTZ had given me an address in the East Middle Ages as the location of her Little Theatre. I found myself before one of New York's regulation brownstone fronts, wondering where the little theatre would be concealed. A minute, eager Rachel admitted me and said: "Won't you sit down?" I knew, with relief, that I must be in the very heart of the most refined theatre movement.

Ermyntrude, obviously struggling with the early forties, entered flutteringly and took a dramatic pose in an overstuffed practical armchair. She swept a transparent white hand to her left and I saw that the old mid-Grant drawing-room had been made into a sardine-can theatre.

"THAT is our little workshop, Mr. Kinne. We have sixty-four seats and last spring when we did 'The Doll's House,' intending to run the production only three weeks, it ran *eighteen* weeks, Mr. Kinne, and we never had less than twenty-nine people! And one night, Mr. Kinne, we *turned away* eighteen—couldn't seat them—eighteen standees!! But first I suppose I ought to tell you something about myself, or ourselves, because I am just one of our little group, just a humble devotee at the altar of Great Drama. I don't know whether or not you know anything about us, but we have been working five years and we gave our first production last spring, 'The Doll's House'—I played Nora. Of course, our group is different, Mr. Kinne, as you may see from the fact that we worked on our first production five years before giving it to the public. Of course you know how *awful* Broadway productions are, Mr. Kinne. I worked with Mr. Belasco the last time I did anything on the commercial stage. . . well, after two weeks of rehearsing, during which I never in my life heard such *awful* English, such *awful* diction, such *awful* pronunciation, I simply gave up and left the commercial theatre. I felt terribly about it because Mr. Belasco had come for *me*, I hadn't gone to *him!* But, anyway, then I started this little group for the intensive and serious study of really beautiful productions, with no thought of gain or vulgar success. And, of course, we have really had the most beautiful success, that is, the *kind* of success we want. So I knew, when

your agent, Mr. Clark, let me have the manuscript of your play, that you would be very sympathetic with what I—we—are trying to do here in our little laboratory."

"I am sympathetic, Miss Hockenputz," I said, as gently as possible, for fear of shattering her into crystalline bits, "but I have had one very unpleasant experience with amateur groups and . . ."

"I know, Mr. Kinne, I know. Mr. Clark told me about that *terrible* experience you had, and I felt perfectly *terrible* about it. But we're different, Mr. Kinne. We aren't like these others; we don't let ourselves be satisfied with pseudo-Broadway productions like the rest of these people. You see, I ought to tell you right away, we have taken a lease on the new theatre in that wonderful new Five Arts Building down in the Village, which seats *five hundred*, and Mr. Kinne, there are already *six* hundred people living in that building right now; or there will be when all the leases have been taken up. So you can see, Mr. Kinne—five hundred seats and *six hundred* people right in the very building itself!"

"What sort of contract do you give, Miss Hockenputz?"

"CONTRACT? Contract? Mr. Kinne! Why . . . well . . . of course . . . we have only made that one production, you see, and naturally we didn't have to give Mr. Ibsen a contract. This is our first experience with a . . . well . . . with a . . . *live* author . . . and, well . . . you see, Mr. Kinne, all the financial arrangements have been turned over to a gentleman who has taken all that part of the work off my hands, since I had my breakdown last spring, and of course you would have to discuss that sort of thing with him."

"Who is the gentleman?"

"Oh! why—ah—isn't it funny, but, do you know his name escapes me for the moment. I've never had much to

HOLLYWOOD & HONOLULU

A "NATURAL" IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE!

HOLLYWOOD and Honolulu ...same initial... high spots on the same route of fascinating travel...*naturally* they belong on the same itinerary. Besides they are so close! Southern California is bounded on the west by Hawaii... at any rate, a LASSCO voyage "that ends all too soon" almost gives you that impression.

You could toss up to decide which season to visit Hawaii...*and never lose.* If the toss says Autumn, then take advantage of LASSCO's—

**SPECIALLY SERVICED AUTUMN TOURS**...Sailing from Los Angeles over the southern route direct to Hawaii, Oct. 18, Nov. 15, Dec. 13. The ship is the "City of Los Angeles", a cruiser famous for de luxe appointments and superb sailing qualities. The tour cost is from $330 ... tour length, twenty days, Los Angeles back to Los Angeles.

A Tour Director supervises every travel detail. Opportunities are afforded to visit every chief point of interest: Honolulu ... Waikiki ... surf sports ... smart hotels ... volcanoes ... gorgeous shower trees ... native carnivals and feasts ... all the curious, colorful life ... the beauty and romance that is Hawaii!

*For full particulars, apply any authorized agent, or . . .*

**LASSCO** 50-1
LOS ANGELES STEAMSHIP CO

730 South Broadway . . . . . Los Angeles
521 Fifth Avenue . . . . . New York
140 South Dearborn . . . . . Chicago
685 Market Street . . . . . San Francisco
213 East Broadway . . . . . San Diego

**LASSCO BOAT TRAINS**
*For that mid-winter visit to the Paradise Isles*

Fast luxurious trains regularly afford convenient service direct to Los Angeles for the voyage to Hawaii over the enchanting southern route. As special accommodations during the height of the smart winter season, two LASSCO *Boat Trains* will be operated as follows:

***First Train***...Through Pullmans from New York Jan. 20, via 20th Century Limited and Broadway Limited; out of Chicago Jan. 21 on Santa Fe's famous train, the "Chief;" Arrive Los Angeles afternoon of Jan. 23, and sail at noon, Jan. 24, from Los Angeles harbor direct to Honolulu.

***Second Train***...from New York Feb. 10; out of Chicago Feb. 11; Arrive Los Angeles afternoon of Feb. 13, and sail at noon, Feb. 14, direct to Honolulu.

# California
## $250
**FIRST CLASS**
**with 6 hours longer in Havana**

If the companionship of travelers bound Round the World appeals to you . . . if a noon to midnight visit at Havana is to your liking . . .

Then sail to California on a Round the World President Liner of the Dollar Steamship Lines.

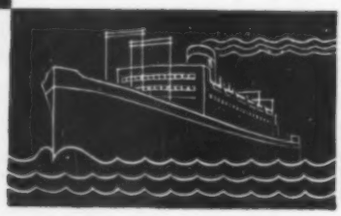
Your 12 hour stopover in Havana is just 6 hours longer than any other line . . . and long enough to enjoy many sparkling attractions. You'll visit at Panama also, and more sparkling attractions!

All cabins are outside, all are First Class. Accommodations in an unusually large stateroom to Los Angeles or San Francisco may be had for the very low rate of $250. A President Liner sails every other week. Round trip only $100 additional (return by rail).

*There are other advantages to the President Liners. Call at our office, phone us, or address Dept. 2910, for further information.*

**DOLLAR STEAMSHIP LINES**

604 Fifth Ave., New York
BRYant 5900



do with him personally; the group turned that part of . . ."

"It really doesn't matter, Miss Hockenputz, because I suppose Mr. Clark told you that the regulation royalty on amateur production is twenty-five dollars per performance, and that is what you would have to pay if I permitted you to do one of my plays."

"*Oh!* Well, Mr. Clark said that any arrangement you and I could come to, Mr. Kinne, would be perfectly satisfactory to him . . ."

"I wouldn't have anything to do with that, Miss Hockenputz; I turned that detail of my life over to Mr. Clark just so that I would never have to bother with it . . ."

"Well, of course, Mr. Kinne, if your standards are Broadway standards, I suppose we needn't hope for any sympathetic coöperation from you at all, but with this wonderful new lease we have on this Five Arts Theatre in the Village I thought naturally you would be interested in our little experiment and would want to go in with us on our little gamble . . ."

"I'm sorry, Miss Hockenputz, but I haven't a drop of gambling blood in my veins. You would have to make definite financial arrangements with Mr. Clark."

"I'm sure that can be arranged, Mr. Kinne, because I'm sure you are really, at heart, interested in the welfare of finer . . ."

"IF I allowed you to do the play, Miss Hockenputz, would there be a great deal of rewriting that you would want done?"

"Not at all, Mr. Kinne. Oh! not at all. Your play is practically perfect for our little group. There *is* one little thing . . . one little word . . . a perfectly *awful* word . . . one of those words . . . well, they *do* something to me. It appears four or five times in your play . . . and I'm sure it doesn't mean a thing to you, so I'm sure you would be only too glad to cut it right out. Because, if you didn't . . . well, I'm sure I just *couldn't* produce a play with that word in it."

"What is the word, Miss Hockenputz?"

"There are some words, Mr. Kinne, that I just can't stand. They are so *awful*, so inexcusable, and you know there are so many ways to say things in our beautiful, rich, full-blooded Anglo-Saxon language that it does seem funny for anyone ever to use them. Well, Mr. Kinne, the one you use . . .

## Among the Pines . .

IT'S just a few hours from the "roaring Forties" of New York to the whispering Pines at the "Cavalier".

Bracing sea air. Riding on thoroughbreds from the Cavalier Stables. Year-round golf on two great courses. Swimming in a glass-enclosed pool of warm sea-water. A hotel that's renowned for its comfort and its cuisine.

Direct transportation service to the hotel grounds. Fine motor roads through historic country. By steamer from many points. Write for full information.

THE CAVALIER
C. V. Delahunt
*Managing Director*

VIRGINIA BEACH
VIRGINIA

## OCTOBER RECREATION

Nature's vivid season in the Piedmont, and Sedgefield estate in all its glory of autumnal beauty. Fifty miles of bridle trails you will never tire of—Golf on the famous course that this year held both men's and women's Southern Amateur tournaments. Delightful Sedgefield Inn with its old English atmosphere of restful comfort offering the superb modern convenience you rightly expect. Overnight from New York.

MAIN LINE SOUTHERN R.R.
U. S. ROUTE 70
N. C. ROUTE 10

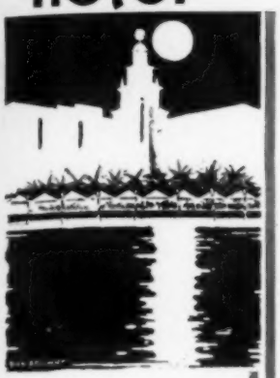
**SEDGEFIELD INN**
SEDGEFIELD — GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA
JOHN C. WALLER ••••• MGR.

## APARTMENTS
***are our specialty . . .***

. . . our apartment specialists have all the better apartments at their fingertips . . . they know just where to find the apartment you are thinking of, either furnished or unfurnished . . . just call Eldorado 2300.

**Gaines, Van Nostrand & Morrison, Inc.**
383 Madison Ave. *Eld. 2300*
41 Fifth Ave. *Stuy. 1180*

RONEY PLAZA hotel



The Cabana Club and Pool Ready for This Season

America's finest ocean-front hotel. Opening Thanksgiving Day. Early reservations advisable « «

Address Dept. "F"

MIAMI BEACH FLORIDA

COME...to the warm sunny winter of your dreams

BALMY sunshine from morn 'til night—clear blue skies—rose gardens in full bloom—out-of-doors living all the day—this is "winter" in Tucson.

Costs are always moderate here. Yet accommodations are of the best. And there's practically no end of things to do... golf... tennis... hunting... nding... motoring... with Indian villages and Old Mexico itself nearby.

*Send coupon or save for booklet and information as to hotel reservations; air, rail and road data, etc. Winter rates and stopovers now available on both Rock Island and Sou. Pac. Lines.*

TUCSON
*Sunshine-Climate Club*
ARIZONA
1026 A Old Pueblo Bldg., Tucson, Arizona
*Please send me the free "Sunshine Booklet"*
Name _____
Address _____

UPHOLSTERED
Furniture Cleaned
by RENOFAB PROCESS
At your home or at our factory without removing the fabric from the frame.
Let a RENOFAB expert call at your convenience.
47-49 W. 63rd St. SUS 6580 7280

is . . . it's the word"—her voice sank to a whisper—"'*lousy*'. . . and, I don't know, Mr. Kinne, I just couldn't . . ."

"What if the whole play turned on that word, Miss Hockenputz, just as 'Pygmalion' turns on the one word 'bloody'? What would you do then?"

"Well, of course, Mr. Kinne, if you are going to take a Bernard Shaw attitude toward your play I can see . . . but I *know* you aren't when I stand . . . when our little group stands for nothing but the very finest and the most beautiful things in the drama. Surely you don't think that *terrible* word 'lousy' is worth fighting for? You wouldn't deny me the great honor of doing your play for you in the Five Arts Building just because . . ." —BURDETTE KINNE

•

## NOTE BOOK

I

By Apple-Tree Point
The lake was deep.
Here no bird
Could nest or sleep:
Here the wind
Was straight and strong
For blowing wings.
Crouching along
The granite ledge,
The apple trees
Clutched the sky
As if to seize
The clouds that gathered
West-by-north.
And apples here
Had little worth
Save as the fruit
Of rock and sky
That stormy water
Was nourished by.

II

The woods and the tall hill
Grew together,
Straight and dark
In any weather.

Against the south,
Against the sun,
Both went up
And both were one.

On starless nights
There was no mark
Of where the dark
Leaped into dark.

But branches sounding
In the sky
Told when both of them
Went by.

—FRANCES M. FROST

In 1880 When~

A tandem bicycle was the sportiest two seater of the day... when "hacks" were in vogue . . . and "bustles" were the style when Brooklyn Bridge was one of the "seven wonders" of the world and Niagara Falls was the "honeymooners'" delight. Those were the "good old days" of the "roaring eighties." But, even then Del Monte was the "select watering place" and the last word in "elegant domiciles."

*TODAY, fifty years later, a great modern Del Monte is the choice of the world traveler and the sportsman. A resort of fashions and of sports keyed to the sophisticated tempo of luxurious living.*

*Del Monte's charm is varied. Here's every sports facility amid world famous scenery of mountain and seashore, forest and beach. And, the romance of early Spanish-California combines with the debonair social life to make this truly great hotel... America's Finest Resort.*

*For rates and reservations write to Carl S. Stanley, Manager.*

Del Monte
Lodge AT PEBBLE BEACH Hotel AT DEL MONTE
S.F.B. MORSE, President; CARL S. STANLEY, Manager
Monterey Peninsula, California

# HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

*The Sun Shines on Bowman Park—*
*Four Over Timber—A Family Affair*

WHATEVER the old saying "out of God's blessing into the warm sun" may mean, Bowman Park certainly illustrated it last week. After two consecutive meetings of torrential rain, high wind, and woefully bedraggled spectators, the sun finally shone on a gathering reminiscent of England at its best. For this course on a good day combines the tree-shaded beauty of Saratoga, some of the picturesqueness of Epsom, and the all-embracing visibility of Pathé News.

THE timber race alone last Wednesday should have satisfied the customers for their trip. The course is, according to one who knows, "the longest three and a half miles in the world," although as a matter of fact it is not a real test of a hunter, as the going is so perfect and so nearly level, and the fences do come down. As a result, Kirk's Court, Hackenthorpe, Barleycorn, and Temple II, four horses who have made fame over stiff hunting courses, proceeded to run a regular two-mile clip over the obstacles. Barleycorn had won in mediocre company at Fairfield; Kirk's Court had been put away since his gallant effort in the Maryland Cup last spring; Hackenthorpe had his usual overenthusiastic following; and Temple II, from Walter Briggs' barn in the wilds of Detroit, had just been the very unexpected winner of the Meadow Brook Cup, after a stretch duel with Alligator. In spite of this hard race four days before, Temple II was made an odds-on favorite, and no one got at all excited when he lay back a snug third through the first two turns behind the sizzling pace Kirk's Court and Barleycorn were setting. Carroll Bassett, on Temple II, had his hand in splints because of a recent mishap, and whether he was a willing party to the duel is not known; at any rate, after the field hit the top turn the third time, Temple II came on like a true favorite, amid relieved cheers, only to be honestly and squarely beaten by the much-underrated Barleycorn, who is a real running horse and a beautiful jumper. Hackenthorpe, who had been patrolling the course all along, did a puss-in-the-corner, slipped up, and took third money on the post from the astounded and chagrined Bassett.

PEOPLE in this country seem to think that if you have a brush horse you have a hurdle horse; whereas in reality, as the English know so well, your winner over these little jumps is a fast flat horse who doesn't trip. Bowman Park always has a hurdle race, the best-filled on the card; and recently one was put on at Aqueduct, under the aegis of Mr. Hitchcock, Sr., but aside from isolated cases, they are inexplicably absent this side of the ocean, although they are the backbone of British racing all winter.

Anyway, Foxcatcher Farms' good Man o' War colt, Volunteer, a frequent winner in big-time steeplechases, was soundly beaten, with Ambrose Clark's Stoney Lonesome, trained by the owner, the winner after standing off a challenge from Harry Whitney's Gigolo. The crowd lost a grand chance to break into heartfelt cheers when Minot Howard, the idol of Westchester, was unplaced on his new horse, Arcade.

THE Durants, not satisfied to call it a day after Barleycorn's good win, trotted out Brown Ruler in the brush race and won it, to the distress of the talent, who figured that at least one Whitney horse must come down in front during the day; but Spinner, that stable's entry, was positively crabby at his

# NASH

ANNOUNCES

# Three New Eights and a Low Priced Six

Never was such motor car quality offered at prices so sensationally low. The literally startling difference becomes at once apparent when you contrast the prices of the new and finer Nash series, with prices of corresponding models a year ago.

This unique example in value-giving thus provided the industry was planned last November. At that time, C. W. Nash and the strong group of executives surrounding him clearly foresaw present conditions. They at once began to design cars affording value so great, so unmistakable, as to overcome all buying reluctance.

The result is instantly apparent. Even casual inspection of the four new Nash cars establishes the fact *that nothing even remotely approaching them in downright dollar value has ever been available in their respective price fields.*

## A NEW DEAL FOR TODAY'S DOLLAR

### SENSATIONAL PRICES!

*Compare what is probably the most remarkable achievement of Nash in greater value-giving—the New Six—with the Single Six it succeeds. The New Six offers a multitude of superiorities—at prices which range from $160 to $140 below the prices of the Single Six.*

| Body Style | The New Six W. B. 114¼" | Last Year's Six W. B. 114¼" | Price Difference |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sedan (4-door) | $845 | ~~$1005~~ | —$160 |
| Coupe | $795 | ~~$940~~ | —$145 |
| Coupe (rumble seat) | $825 | ~~$980~~ | —$155 |
| Sedan (2-door) | $795 | ~~$935~~ | —$140 |

*Compare the New Eight-70 with its two additional cylinders, its longer wheelbase, its larger, more luxurious body, with the six-cylinder car it replaces. Then consider the remarkable fact that there is actually a basic price differential in favor of the new Eight!*

| Body Style | The New Eight-70 W. B. 116¼" | Last Year's Six W. B. 114¼" | Price Difference |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sedan (4-door) | $995 | ~~$1005~~ | —$10 |
| Coupe | $945 | ~~$940~~ | +$5 |
| Coupe (rumble seat) | $975 | ~~$980~~ | —$5 |
| Special Sedan (4-door) | $955 | | |

*Compare the New Twin-Ignition Eight-80 Series with the 6-cylinder car it replaces. The Eight-80 is larger, longer. Design, appointments, upholstery are finer—prices are radically lower.*

| Body Style | The New Twin-Ignition Eight-80 W. B. 121" | Last Year's Twin-Ignition Six W. B. 118" | Price Difference |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sedan (4-door) | $1295 | ~~$1415~~ | —$120 |
| Coupe | $1245 | ~~$1345~~ | —$100 |
| Coupe (rumble seat) | $1285 | ~~$1395~~ | —$110 |
| Town Sedan (4-door) | $1375 | | |

*Compare the New Twin-Ignition Eight-90 Series, now with a 115 H. P. Engine, with the last year's 100 H. P. Eight. Body appointments are finer, upholstery more luxurious, and prices are far lower!*

| Body Style | The New Twin-Ignition Eight-90 W.B. 124"-133" | Last Year's Twin-Ignition Eight W.B. 124"-133" | Price Difference |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sedan (4-door) | $1565 | ~~$1795~~ | —$230 |
| Cabriolet | $1695 | ~~$1875~~ | —$180 |
| Coupe | $1695 | ~~$1915~~ | —$220 |
| Coupe (rumble seat) | $1745 | ~~$1975~~ | —$230 |
| Sedan (7-pass.) | $1925 | ~~$2195~~ | —$270 |
| Limousine (7-pass.) | $2025 | ~~$2385~~ | —$360 |
| Ambassador | $1825 | ~~$2095~~ | —$270 |
| Victoria | $1765 | ~~$2045~~ | —$280 |

*(All prices f. o. b. factories)*

» » *Some fragrant*

**SOAPS**

***for luxurious bathing***

***from the large collection of***

**MACY TOILETRIES**

**OUR PALM and OLIVE SOAP is made from pure vegetable oils. It lathers easily, and the 4 oz. cake is cellophane wrapped. 12 cakes for 67c.**

**THE FRENCH-MILLED SOAP is popular with suburb and country dwellers, as it is mild and non-drying, and lathers in hard as well as soft water. Large 4 oz. cake, cellophane wrapped. 12 cakes for 94c.**

**PERFUMED BATH SOAP lathers freely, is cellophane wrapped, and comes in lovely pastel colors. A hard 6 oz. cake, 23c. 6 for $1.24.**

STREET FLOOR

**MACY'S**

**34th St. and Broadway, New York**

fences, and lost so much time at them that he could never get up to better than third, in spite of a most vigorous, systematic, and unceasing "frailing," as they say in Virginia.

THE weather was just as lovely Saturday, but the racing was really poor. The Durants upset all the rules and dope by winning the hurdle race with their brush horse, Brown Ruler, and Wednesday's winner, Stoney Lonesome, came in a close second. The big fiasco of the day was the timber race: all the good entries were scratched for various reasons, and a crowd of four just-as-goods came out to do battle. Laddie Sanford's Inverness, with Earl Potter aboard, was installed favorite for some occult reason, but Inverness, being better acquainted with brush, refused to have anything to do with the timber, and gently deposited Potter over his head. Meantime, Alvin Untermeyer's Reynard went on to make all the running, with Pantheist, from the Durant barn, and Temple II's dark-horse stablemate, When in Rome, behind him. Reynard was going fine when he got under a fence and turned over. Then Lexie Wilson, on When in Rome, got a mean fall and was thoroughly trampled upon, put on a stretcher, and carted away, while Pantheist finished alone.

The next race was held up for some minutes to allow the remounted Reynard to finish, and then Bill Streett provided the climax of the afternoon by landing from a plane in the infield, having flown over from Aqueduct after riding the second race there. He picked a tough assignment—to beat

WASHINGTON SQUARE
IS A GRAND EYEFUL FROM
THESE PENT HOUSES

**Living room with wood burning fireplace . . . dining room . . . real housekeeping kitchen with Electrolux . . . 2 master bedrooms, 2 master baths . . . maid's room and bath . . . and terraces second to none.**

HOLLEY CHAMBERS
**33 Washington Square West**
***Under* KNOTT *Management***
**Tel. Spring 3000**

WINTER VOYAGES *to the* MEDITERRANEAN

**Not the usual crossing! But a sunny, healthful voyage—and every luxury of the Roman Splendor Ships. Really a miniature cruise—stopping at Gibraltar with Spain nearby, Algiers, Sicily, Naples, Riviera, Genoa. At attractive rates. Optional shore excursions offered.**

**AUGUSTUS** JAN. 15
**ROMA** FEB. 18, FEB. 4, MAR. 7

**Regular Sailings to Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa**

**Nov. 1 Nov. 15 Dec. 6 Dec. 12**

**SITMAR De Luxe Connecting Line to Egypt, Palestine, Constantinople and Athens.**

*Write for illustrated booklet "Lido All the Way"*

**N.G.I.** Navigazione Generale Italiana, Italia America Shipping Corp., General Agents, 1 State St., N. Y. or local steamship agents

*Hangnails?--Why*

Trim them neatly with Gem, the pocket manicure. Ideal for trimming, filing, and cleaning nails. Quick, handy! At all drug and cutlery stores. Gem 50c, Gem Jr. 35c (watch-chain model).

**The H. C. COOK CO., 8 Beaver St. Ansonia, Conn.**

**Gem** *NAIL* **Clippers** Gem Jr. 35c

Bobby Davis on Augustus Goodwin's Land Boy, probably the best horse in the country over three miles of brush: as Land Boy illustrated for the third time in a row by winning the final leg on the Westchester Gold Cup. Streett did his best to keep the Durant slate clean by a fine ride on Falmouth—who had defeated all the stable pets at Meadow Brook—but he could not beat Land Boy, who looked like the best horse in the world Saturday.

FOR those who can't breathe without the smell of leather, there was the Piping Rock Horse Show between racing days: the same old orthodox family affair, with the Langley horses a by-word in all their classes, and Jock Whitney bringing out the champion green horse in Cereus, a nice three-year-old. Thursday, when the breeding classes were shown, the air was rent with the assorted neighs, whickers, and whinnies of everything, from half-bred yearlings to Squadron C stallions. Proud lady owners in silver foxes led brood mares around; children young enough to be still unconscious of their state bounced about on fat little ponies; and two professionals stuck their heads up and bobbed back again like groundhogs in February.

It was a nice show, in the best tradition, and made everyone sorry that we now move indoors to tanbark, electric light, and sinus-trouble, albeit the winter shows have their compensations of warmth and a cosmopolitan atmosphere. —TOUCH AND GO

•

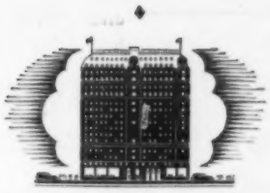
## THE QUESTION MARK

Behold the wicked little barb
  Which catches fish in human garb
And yanks them back when they feel gay
  With "Will it last?" or "Does it pay?"
It fastens neatly in the gills
  Of those who have uncertain wills,
But even wily eels are caught
  Upon this bent pin of a thought.
—PERSIS GREELY ANDERSON

•

PEKINESE—Tiny part-color, daughter of Humming Bee, £70. Also three very fine dogs of extremely moderate prices, as they have taken a dislike to one another. Mrs. Ashton Cross, 4 av. de Nancy, St. Cloud.—*Adv. in the Paris Herald.*

Probably over some very trifling matter.

**SUITES WITH THE NEW POINT OF VIEW**

**The St. Regis announces several of its outstanding suites as recently decorated by Karl Bock. Each interprets today's smart residential seclusion in the manner of the St. Regis. Each takes its distinct personality from intriguing fenestration and mirrored space . . . its tone, from rich hanging and gay coverlet . . . its suave comfort, from deep divan and chair. And each is a brilliant innovation in the long-established St. Regis graciousness. Available for by-the-day occupancy . . . fall or long-term lease.**

**HOTEL ST. REGIS**

**FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK**


•

"An entertaining revue—good humored, handsome, debonair; done with taste, smooth showmanship and intelligence."—*John Chapman, News*

**THE SECOND LITTLE SHOW** *New Edition*

Al Trahan—Marion Harris—Jay Fippen

*Best Seats $1 to $4.40 at Box Office on sale for 8 weeks*

ROYALE Thea. W. 45 St. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

---

A Heavenly Picture of A Heavenly Hell!

**"OUTWARD BOUND"**

HOLLYWOOD THEATRE B'way at 51st St.

Warner Bros. & Vitaphone Pictures
Both Theatres
Daily 2:45-8:45—Sun. 3-6-8:45

*What A Grand Old Sinner He Was!*

**GEORGE ARLISS**
in
**"OLD ENGLISH"**

WARNER BROS. THEATRE
B'way & 52d St.

---

**LYSISTRATA**

*The comedy hit you hear about!*
with
Blanche Yurka, Ernest Truex, Charles Coburn, Nydia Westman, Eric Dressler, Mary Blair, Ruth Garland, Hope Emerson, Jerome Lawler, The Humphrey-Weidman Dancers & 70 others. Staged by Norman Bel Geddes; version by Gilbert Seldes.

44th ST. THEATRE West of Broadway
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

---

**"THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT."**

*William Harris, Jr., presents this comedy by Zoë Akins*

Sam H. Harris Theatre West 42nd St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

---

MANSFIELD THEA., W. 47th St. Evs. 8:30 Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:30

**THE GREEN PASTURES**

Pulitzer Prize Play

"The Divine comedy of the theatre"—*Times*

---

Howard Hughes' Thrilling Air Spectacle

**HELL'S ANGELS**

First Multi-Million Dollar Talking Picture

AT BOTH the

GAIETY and CRITERION
THEATRE B'way at 46th — THEATRE B'way at 44th

TWICE DAILY - - - 2:30, 8:30
3 SHOWS SUNDAY—3, 6 & 8:45

---

D. W. GRIFFITH'S

**"LINCOLN"**

with Walter Huston
and Una Merkel

*Greater than "The Birth of a Nation"*

CENTRAL THEATRE
Broadway & 47th St.

Mats. 50c, 75c, $1. Eves. 75c, $1, $1.50 & $2

---

*David Belasco presents*

**DANCING PARTNER** Comedy Hit!

A New Comedy with Lynne Overman, Irene Purcell, Henry Stephenson, Charlotte Granville

BELASCO Thea., 44 St. E. of B'way. Eves. 8:40 Matinées Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

Good seats on sale at box-office

---

ARTHUR HOPKINS presents

**TORCH SONG**

New drama by KENYON NICHOLSON

"The most noteworthy offering of the new season. As I left the theatre they were standing in the aisles cheering."—*Robert Garland, Telegram.*

PLYMOUTH THEA., 45th St., W. of B'way Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

---

RKO Keith's **PALACE** Theatre 47th St. & B'way.

*Special R K O Engagement*
*VAUDEVILLE, MUSICAL COMEDY AND TALKING PICTURE STARS*

THE **MARX BROS.**

*GROUCHO—HARPO—CHICO—ZEPPO*
*Musketeers of Mirth*
in "The Schweinerei"
And other Vaudeville Acts

---

"A Smash Hit . . . one of the happiest theatre evenings I ever experienced."
—*Walter Winchell, Daily Mirror*

**JOE COOK**

In His Newest, Maddest Musical

**"FINE and DANDY"**

ERLANGER'S THEA. West 44th Street

Eves. 8:30—Matinées Wed. & Sat. 2:30

---

A JED HARRIS PRODUCTION

HELEN HAYES AND ARTHUR SINCLAIR

In a New Play

**"MR. GILHOOLEY"**

by FRANK B. ELSER

(from LIAM O'FLAHERTY'S NOVEL)

BROADHURST Thea. W. 44 St. Eves. 8:40 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

---

CHARLES FROHMAN presents
CHESTER ERSKIN'S Production of

**STEPDAUGHTERS OF WAR**

By KENYON NICHOLSON

Based on the Novel by Helen Zenna Smith

Staged by Mr. Erskin

EMPIRE Thea., B'way and 40th St. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wednesday & Saturday 2:30

---

EMBASSY

**THE NEWSREEL THEATRE**

BROADWAY AND 46th ST.

ANY SEAT 25¢ ANY TIME

*Continuous 10 A.M. to MIDNITE*

*PRESENTING AN ALL SOUND NEWSREEL PROGRAM*

Complete change of program weekly

Midnight Show every Saturday

---

MAJESTIC Thea., 44th W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30; Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

*New Musical Hit*

**NINA ROSA**

*By Harbach—Romberg—Caesar*
*with*

GUY ROBERTSON | ETHELIND TERRY | ARMIDA 100 others | LEONARD CEELEY

All Orchestra Seats $5.50; 350 Mezz. Seats $3 to $4.40; 450 Balc. Seats $1 to $2.50

---

MASQUE 45th ST. Thea. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:50; Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

**UP POPS THE DEVIL**

Genuine Comedy Hit, with
ROGER PRYOR
SALLY BATES, ALBERT HACKETT

Evs. (Ex. Sat.) Best Orch. Seats $3.00

---

MOROSCO Thea. 45th St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:50; Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

WALTER **WOOLF** and VIOLET **HEMING**

In ELMER HARRIS' American Version of PRINCE BIBESCO'S Spicy Comedy

**LADIES ALL**

Evs. (Ex. Sat.) Best Orch. Seats $3.00

---

GEORGE WHITE'S **APOLLO** THEA., W. 42 St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

**GEORGE WHITE'S**

ACE OF MUSICAL COMEDIES

**FLYING HIGH**

With BERT LAHR ~ OSCAR SHAW

SONGS BY DE SYLVA-BROWN & HENDERSON

---

8th Edition **EARL CARROLL VANITIES**

67 Glittering Scenes—1000 Laughs
HERB WILLIAMS—JIMMY SAVO—JACK BENNY
A cast of 150 and the
Most Beautiful Girls in the World
462 Good Seats at $1.00

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE, W. 42 ST.
Evenings & Mats. Wed. & Sat.

---

MUSIC BOX Theatre W. 45 St. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

"The first spontaneous knockout of season"
—*Rob't Garland, Telegram.*

SAM H. HARRIS presents

**"ONCE IN A LIFE TIME"**

*A New comedy by Moss Hart & Geo. S. Kaufman*

---

**LEXINGTON**

LOEW'S

Oct. 11, 12, 13: Clara Bow in "Her Wedding Night;" Oct. 14, 15: "The Squealer," with Jack Holt; Oct. 16, 17: "Follow Thru," with Chas. Rogers, Nancy Carroll.

51ST ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

Back to Broadway
**TEXAS GUINAN**
"THE NATIONAL WEAKNESS"—Chicagoan —March, 1930.
**And Her Celebrated "Gang"**
20 World's Most Beautiful Girls at the cool
**CLUB ARGONAUT, Inc.**
**151 West 54th St.**

Two Shows Nightly Beginning at Midnight

The most scintillating and sophisticated revue in N.Y.

*Dancing till dawn*
*Reservations: Phone Circle 9237*
"A Merry Place to Roost All Night"

"I commend to you as an evening as heady as wine and delicious as a bonbon the combination of 'The Violet' and 'One, Two, Three!'"
—*Whitney Bolton, Telegraph*
GILBERT MILLER presents
MOLNAR'S NEW COMEDY
**ONE, TWO, THREE!**
*With* ARTHUR BYRON
Preceded by the Author's
"THE VIOLET"
with MISS RUTH GORDON
HENRY MILLER'S Thea., 124 W. 43 St. Eves. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. at 2:30

A. H. WOODS presents ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S
**A FAREWELL TO ARMS**
*Arranged by Laurence Stallings*
*Staged by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN*
NATIONAL Thea., 41st St. W. of 7th Ave. Eves. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

Brock Pemberton Presents
***Strictly Dishonorable***
Preston Sturges' famous comedy
with TULLIO CARMINATI
Staged by Antoinette Perry & Mr. Pemberton
Never at cut rates
AVON Thea., W. 45 St. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30 **2nd YEAR**

Alexander McKaig presents
**RICHARD BENNETT**
**in "Solid South"**
*a comedy by Lawton Campbell*
with JESSIE ROYCE LANDIS and Elizabeth Patterson
Directed by Rouben Mamoulian
Settings by Jo Mielziner
LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way Mats. Thurs. & Sat

**Terraces on all four sides**
Rent the most unusual terrace apartment in town at a reduced price—furnished or unfurnished—entire 25th floor—apartment hotel east side—8 rooms, 4 baths, 4 master bedrooms, large kitchen. For details call
**Adelaide J. Pendergast, *Real Estate***
18 East 53rd Street Plaza 8343

**"Making Thinking Fashionable"**
Friday afternoons at 3:30 P.M.
Honor guests at 5:00 P.M. with Tea to authors, doctors, psychologists, playwrights, etc.
*For particulars inquire of—*
PAULINE CLEAVER
320 East 42nd Street Lexington 8361
Studio 1310
*(Private consultation by appointment)*

# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Mr. de Mille Carries On*

FOR sheer excess of the ridiculous, "Madam Satan," I should say, takes the cake. Just how much of this freakish production of Cecil B. de Mille's is meant to be funny and how much of it is meant as a morality on the grand scale I cannot tell, but certainly it contrives some of the most ludicrous moments ever flung on a screen. Movie patrons will doubtless comment for a long time (for a week or two) about the scene when the Zeppelin, where a masquerade ball is in full force, is torn from its moorings and the guests have to resort to the parachutes. It is a pretty sight to see them flung into midair. Monsieur de Mille makes the most of the pictorial possibilities, landing one little girl on a weathervane, another in a Turkish bath, and one gentleman in a lion's cage. Our noble heroine herself is pitched on a young couple in a roadster, and apologizes for her intrusion and her state of alarm. "I beg your pardon," she says in the flawless dialogue of the piece, "but my husband is in the city reservoir."

Until the epic reaches the moment of the storm and the wrecked airship, until the bad little girl, the villainess, has occasion to scream: "I don't want your husband, I want a parachute," it's pretty hard going. There is the deceived wife, and a lot of broad farce concerning her rowdy husband (the one who flops in the reservoir) and his even rowdier friends, which involves a deal of shouting such lines as: "I'll make him so sick of vice he'll cry for decency," and even unexpected lapses into rhymed dialogue and occasional song. To enjoy this picture, go late for that party in the air.

THERE is nothing freakish about the movie of Eddie Cantor's "Whoopee," at the Rivoli. It's the old, conservative musical libretto photographed in the usual manner, except with some higher degree of success than most of these things. It is in color and rather well presented, and throughout, that intricate, trim talent of Mr. Cantor's adds a spurt of vitality, and the

**high time**

**that disappointed entertainment seekers were finding out that cinematic high times can always be had at**

**the paramount**

**where this week there's positively "heads up"... broadway's amusing musical is now paramount's and the screen public's with victor moore, charles rogers and helen kane (she's got those $50,000 ...and looks like a million...boopa-doop-doop)**

**at the rialto**

**there's united artist's "what a widow" — gloria swanson, swell-clothed, gallivanting in paris as if she never had a care or a henry**

**the rivoli— united artists**

**where there's "whoopee"... goldwyn gives the ball to ziegfeld who passes it to eddie cantor... who runs through a broken field simply studded with beautiful backs and lovely legs—for a great big goal...talking picture speaking—of course**

**luxurious and comfortable, these are**

**publix theatres**

VINTNERS

*"I wonder often what the vintners buy*
*"One-half so precious as the stuff they sell."*

Cuvees of concentrated grapes for use in your home.

*The first free run of the juice of*

CHAMPAGNE
SPARKLING BURGUNDY
BURGUNDY
SAUTERNE
CHABLIS
CLARET
RHINE

*grapes selected and blended by experts.*

The discovery of "selective fermentation" makes it possible to have in your home these 7 varieties, each true to European standards.

Your complete satisfaction is absolutely guaranteed by Vineyardists, Inc., who have been grape growers since 1835. You are to be the sole judge of your own satisfaction.

No sales or deliveries will be made, except in conformity with Federal and State Prohibition Laws. Therefore, we accept business only from those living in the states of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin and the District of Columbia. No orders accepted for delivery outside of these states.

*Produced by*
VINEYARDISTS, INC., Penn Yan, N. Y.
ALEX. D. SHAW & CO., *National Distributors*
*Importers since 1881* 15 Moore Street New York City Phone, Bowling Green 8070


young Ziegfeld girls step properly about achieving a certain decorative effect, as is the tradition of these ladies. Some effort has been expended to get novel moments, especially in the photographing of the chorus dancing, such as pointing the camera down on the ladies from the roof and the like, but these triumphs are mild. All in all, this picture is just good routine musical comedy, which as a matter of fact is saying a good deal, considering what sort of fate generally meets a Broadway show when the movie people get hold of it.

YEARS ago, in the earliest days of the Theatre Guild, "Liliom" was an exciting play about a hard-boiled scamp and his girl friend, with, as I remember, a sly and ironic comment at the end about our fate after death. In the movies, Charles Farrell makes Liliom a poor softy, and the after-death phase has been expanded to a vast sequence showing toy railroads running through the clouds, one to Heaven and another, the Red Special, going the other way. Aside from the performance of Rose Hobart, the whole affair is just child's play—a very unattractive, unpleasantly precocious child.

THERE is an amusing minor picture now released, "Her Man," which has the best scrap of the season. The boy and the girl are called Frankie and Johnnie, for no other reasons than that they love each other and spend a great deal of their time in a waterfront bar. The picture is tough and lively and diverting. "A Lady Surrenders" is not diverting, in spite of the presence in its midst of Genevieve Tobin. It's a lot of nonsense about marriage and divorce, with a bit of bigamy thrown in for good measure.

I REGRET to have to end my comments with the sour observation that Gloria Swanson is no superwoman, that she makes mistakes in judgment like everybody else, even college girls. At least I am blaming her for trying to do such a comedy rôle as she presents in "What a Widow!," at the Rialto, and for trying to sing—anyhow, in public—when she is so modestly gifted in voice. I may be doing her an injustice. Perhaps she was compelled to appear in this silly picture. —J. C. M.

•

**OPPORTUNITY FOR WHAT?**

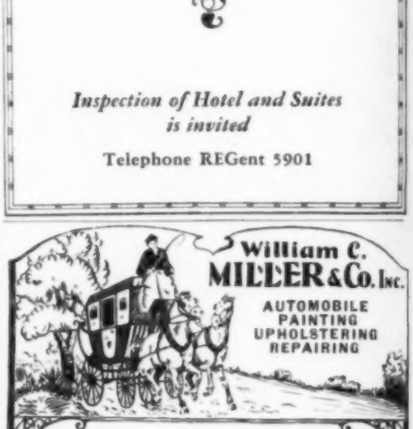
WANTED—Cemetery superintendent, one with initiative; splendid opportunity. —*Adv. in the Times.*


Hotel Pierre
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61ST STREET
NEW YORK

NOW OPEN

SUITES OF FEW OR MANY ROOMS
*For Transient or Longer Visits*

*Inspection of Hotel and Suites is invited*
Telephone REGent 5901



William C. MILLER & Co. Inc.
AUTOMOBILE PAINTING UPHOLSTERING REPAIRING

The names of people who have had their cars refinished by MILLER reads like a page from the social register. Indeed, many MILLER clients are numbered among the "400".

WILLIAM C. MILLER & CO., Inc.
522 W. 57th St., New York Columbus 7384
*Lacquering, Painting, Varnishing, Upholstering, Custom Body Building*
"25 years experience applied to each Job"

The Buckingham

57th St. & 6th Ave.
New York City
Unequalled for Location and Appointments

*Furnished and Unfurnished Suites*

For Occasional or Seasonal Residence
S. Gregory Taylor, *President*

OVERLOOKING EXCLUSIVE GRAMERCY PARK

Large, new addition. Furnished or unfurnished. Serving pantries. Roof solarium. Excellent cuisine.

1 ROOM AND BATH
complete maid service and electric light
*from $75 monthly*

1 ROOM, BATH, SERVING PANTRY
complete maid service, electric light and refrigeration
*from $90 monthly*

2 ROOMS AND BATH
complete maid service and electric light
*from $110 monthly*

HOTEL GRAMERCY PARK

52 Gramercy Park N., New York
Telephone: GRAmercy 4340

THE comfort and enjoyment of the daily tub are unmistakably heightened by adding to the water a half-handful of No. 4711 Bath Salts in your favorite odor (there are eleven in all!) . . . No. 4711 Bath salts are gently stimulating to fagged nerves and body and make the bath one of life's most delightful diversions.

No. 4711

*Bath Salts*

*Made in U. S. A.*
Mulhens & Kropff, Inc., 25 West 45th St., New York



SHORTHAND
& TYPEWRITING IN ONE MONTH
By Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University FIVE YEARS
MILLER INSTITUTE OF SHORTHAND
1465 Broadway at 42nd St., N. Y. City
(This is not a Correspondence Course)


## THE MAN WHO HAD TO TALK TO SOMEBODY

WILLIAMS and I used to work in the same office. It was a snap job for both of us and the pay was poor, so we sat around a lot. Usually I read, but Williams tilted his chair back and smoked his pipe. He was about fifty-two years old.

One day after many "Uh"s he asked me to have lunch with him. We went to a terrible delicatessen-lunchroom. We spoke scarcely a word during the meal, but quite suddenly, when the coffee came, Williams reached in his pocket and pulled out his wallet. He was making even less money than I, so I knew he wasn't going to try to pay the check. He took out a dog-eared photograph and tossed it, not disrespectfully, to me. "That's my wife," he said. "Taken before she left me. She's living with *him* now." Then he handed me another photograph. "That's my oldest girl. That was taken two years ago. She's twelve now. Notice what it says? 'To Frankie from Frankie, with love.' I used to call her Frankie. Her name was Francesca." Williams smiled with his weak eyes, moved his cigarette-holder around his mouth between his boyish teeth. "That was two years ago. Last week I saw her on the street with her mother, and neither of them spoke to me. They both saw me."

Williams must have sensed my embarrassment, because he ended his confidences. You couldn't feel sorry for Williams. He was too selfsufficient and besides he didn't feel badly himself, apparently. He was quite small and bald and given to mopping imaginary

## Meet the Prince of Figs at dessert-time!

You may *think* you know Figs at their best—but until you have eaten the luscious variety from that Paradise of Perfect Figs, Smyrna, your acquaintance with this delicious and beneficial fruit has never reached the heights.

Cresca Figs are grown on that particular point of the earth's surface where the elements unite to produce perfection! They are thin-skinned, plump, and flavorful beyond your expectation.

Prized the world over, these choice figs are plucked from the trees in full maturity . . . are skillfully sun-dried . . . and are packed with infinite care and cleanliness.

Cresca packs Turkish figs *in jars;* natural or filled with nut meats, and a combination of figs and dates stuffed with nuts and fruits and *in baskets;* plain or with stuffed dates. For your convenience, a dainty fork with each jar or basket.

*Cresca Delicacies,* from the simple seasoning to the elaborate chef d'oeuvre are sold by the Better Grocers and Fruiterers everywhere.

*"More than a little better"*

CRESCA

*"50 Years of catering to the Epicure"*

CRESCA
*Food Delicacies*

PARIS • BORDEAUX • NEW YORK

CRESCA COMPANY, INC., Dept. N
153 Hudson St., New York City

Gentlemen: Please send me copy of the new Cresca booklet "Adventures in Flavor" giving unusual recipes for tasty dishes.

Name.....
Address.....
Dealer's Name.....

THE MERRY ROUND

**A FULL DAY and a fuller evening with many a smoke tucked away during the merry round. No wonder your mouth feels like a fur coat.**

**But just before you trundle off to bed, use Squibb's Dental Cream. It chases the fuzziness away . . . soothes and sweetens the whole mouth.**

**Because Squibb's deposits myriads of little Milk of Magnesia particles in your mouth. There they neutralize the acids that murk your breath and rasp your taste. The next day, your smoke appetite is sparkling. Get a tube of Squibb's Dental Cream at your druggist's.**

Copyright 1930 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

perspiration from his head. This he did as we left the delicatessen.

FOR a couple of days Williams and I resumed our old relationship, which consisted mostly of saying "Hello" in the morning, "So long" in the afternoon. Then he again asked me to have lunch with him, and rather painfully I realized that he had been waiting for me to ask *him*.

Again luncheon was a quiet rite until the end of the meal. Then he carefully put a cigarette into the holder, carefully following with his eyes the crimping process. He smiled. "Did you—ah—go to Yale?" he asked.

"No," I said. "Nowhere."

"Hmm. Strange. Well, I was thinking about college. Now if I had a son, if I had a son, he'd just about be old enough to be going to college right now, and it certainly would be nice to send him to Yale. That's my college. I went to Yale, you know. I often think about what a great thing college was for me. I was in the class of 'ninety-eight, the richest class they ever had at New Haven. Huh. You've heard of Payne Whitney, of course? You've heard of Payne *Whit*ney. Well, Payne Whitney was in my class and in my fraternity and I guess Payne Whitney alone was enough to make it the richest class. But then there were a lot of rich boys in the class, and some pretty famous ones besides. Take Henry Curran, the one that was in that Congress investigation about prohibition. He was in my class. So was Senator Wadsworth, Jimmie Wadsworth. And of course Gouverneur Morris, the author. A lot of them. Why Billy Phelps—you know, William Lyon Phelps—he told us we were his favorite class. He gave an awfully good course in Browning I went to. Yes, we certainly had a great class."

I thought he would stop there but he was only pausing.

"When I had my trouble—did you know about my trouble?"

"No."

"Well, I—ah—uh—I was in prison, you know." He laughed, a detached sort of laugh and unpleasant to hear. "I raised a cheque and was sent to prison for it. Well, I don't mind saying that if it hadn't been for Payne Whitney and one or two others, I'd probably still be in jail. That's why my wife left me." Then he shut up and we went back to work.

Williams always had to have somebody to talk to when he really wanted to talk, and it didn't seem to make much difference who it was. Another time, not long after our second luncheon, I saw him talking to Miss Reilly, a typist. Later she told me that Williams had interrupted her work to give a lengthy account of his marital difficulties, and apparently he ended the recital in confusion, because he asked Miss Reilly, who was seventeen, to go to the movies with him. Miss Reilly was indignant. "The old *fool*," she said.

THE day Williams was fired he came over to my desk and said "Ha, ha, they've fired me. I'm discharged." Then he sighed, more as a comment than from exhaustion or wistfulness. He reached out his hand and said: "Well, it's been a very great pleasure to have known you, sir. Perhaps we can have lunch soon?" He didn't give me his address or ask for mine. He didn't even go back to his desk. He walked to the clothes-tree and got his hat and went out. I am sure I'll never see him again, but wherever he is he is probably still taking strangers out to lunch and telling them just the things he told me. —JOHN O'HARA

•

Happell took the girl to a hospital after the shooting and then, at the point of a gun, forced Martin Gard to drive him 300 miles on an all-night ride.—*Johnstown (Pa.) Tribune.*

O. K., if that's what you enjoy.

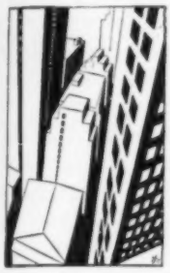
•

N—M—, Call your wife up at 9:30 tonight. Bertha (wife).—*Adv. in The Times.*

If you can't get results from the *Times*, try one of our full pages.

# NEW APARTMENTS

*Along Upper Park—A Madison Avenue Caper —For Concentration*



IF you feel capable of clambering about Park Avenue in the neighborhood of Ninetieth Street without twisting an ankle—the noble program of widening the Avenue has been extended that far—you will find several new houses worth inspection. There is, for instance, the Tishman building at 1095 Park (Eighty-ninth Street), which has a feature I have never seen before in a rental apartment, or in a coöperative, either, unless it was built to order. It is a bathroom—in a six-room duplex with a slice of terrace—which is as large as many a bedroom, about fifteen feet by twelve. It has two full-sized windows with a southern exposure, a good-sized, businesslike tub recessed in one of the walls, two cavernous clothes closets, pale lemon-colored tiles, and a black floor. It is light, and warm, and sunny; there is room for a huge dressing-table, a chaise-longue, an armchair, any number of bookshelves, tables, and lamps. It is a room; a real, livable room, and about the most civilized thing I've seen this year.

The same apartment contains another bath, not quite so breath-taking but still well above the average; two charming bedrooms, lots of clothes and linen closets, and a cunning upstairs hall; downstairs, the living-room has two pairs of French doors, giving access to a funny little terrace, a square dining-room, and a spacious, efficient kitchen and pantry with banks of cupboards, the latest model AB gas range, a General Electric refrigerator, and a maid's room and bath. The ideal home for a gay blade and his bride. Rent, $7,000 a year.

THE rest of the building is not quite so sensational, but it is nice—the entrance lobby, for instance, is unusually attractive and restrained. Most of the available apartments are eight rooms and three baths; living-rooms average thirty feet in length, and all have open fireplaces. All the rooms are of better size than usual, and while the dining-rooms are not always as light as they were back in Dayton, a dining-room shows up better at night anyway (so I'm told). Lunch at home is pretty dull, you must admit.

Prices mount from $5,800 a year for eight rooms on the second floor, to $7,400 for the same apartment on the fifteenth floor; a six-room apartment on the seventh floor, at $4,700 and worth it, because it has a huge living-room—hard to find in smaller apartments—has already been rented, but there's one on the fifth floor for $4,300. The Tishman Realty Company, 285 Madison Avenue, will make out your lease.

UP at 1120 Park Avenue, there is a good-looking red brick building containing a number of practical eight-room apartments. Not all the rooms are as light as in my fondest dreams, but somebody, to be sure, has to compromise with courts. One bedroom in each suite, therefore, faces the deep brick vista, and does not connect directly with a bath; its obvious use is as a library. This leaves two good bedrooms and baths, a large living-room, and a well-proportioned dining-room.

Those who have cause to consider such matters may be interested in the moderate rents—from $5,000 a year on the second floor to $6,100 on the fourteenth, the latter being, of course, much lighter and better. Marcus Brown Construction Company, 1860 Broadway, is the builder, renting agent, and general factotum; an agent is on the premises.

MADISON AVENUE is throwing new capers in the upper reaches of town, the latest being 46 East Ninety-first Street. This house is light, and high, and quite peculiar. There is, for instance, a not very distinguished penthouse apartment; it has a smallish living-room, a nice southern terrace, a dining-room and affiliated regions, two bedrooms and baths, and not remarkable closets. Above it are two single rooms, one on top of the other, making a triplex of the whole thing, and thereby removing it from the commonplace and turning it into something that I don't know how many artists, or musicians, or hostesses, would jump at. Nothing in particular has been done with the two upper rooms; they are just there, waiting for tenants, and connected with the plumbing mains in no very definite way. Something to remember, if you are at all bizarre.

The rest of the house is more conventional; practically all the apartments are four-room and six-room, the sixes with open fireplaces (on the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth floors), the fours without. Strangely enough, the maids' rooms and kitchens are on the southern end, and the masters' rooms on the northern; though the plans could easily have been reversed and the house built backward—and not ungracefully.

Prices: Four rooms from $2,250 to $2,700 annually; six from $3,400 to $4,200; and that odd penthouse, $9,400. Douglas L. Elliman & Company, agents.

MUCH good gold has gone to proclaiming the noise-reducing features of 44 Gramercy Park North; I hope not in vain. The elevator doors really are quiet, the interior doors really do have shock-absorbers, the house bells really are squeaks and not triple-alarms, the windows do have special brass bushings, and the walls are sure enough extra soundproofed. This is a good building for lone boys and girls who have to concentrate.

Almost all are three-room apartments; that is to say, living-room, bedroom (and bath), kitchen, and space to eat in, either in the foyer or in a dining-alcove. There are a few four-room suites—with two bedrooms—and a few two-room apartments, with collapsing kitchenettes in the halls, instead of kitchens. The finishing details are unusually civilized for small apartments and the kitchens have Electroluxes and all corresponding necessities. On the higher floors there are open fireplaces.

It really is a comfortable building, with Gramercy Park outside to look at and play in, and rents not too high for reason: from $1,750 to $2,800 for three rooms; four rooms on the ninth floor for $3,200. Albert B. Ashforth, Inc., is the agent.

NOTE: In the description of No. 10 Gracie Square in the issue of September 20, the name of one of the selling and managing agents—Douglas L. Elliman & Company—was unintentionally omitted.—PENTHOUSE

•

Frank Martino, witness in the Natale case in City Court last week, was a nephew of Frank Martino of 94 Congress Street, and not himself, Mr. Martino told the Saratogian today.—*The Saratogian.*

Something he ate, possibly.

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## THE VANISHED JUDGE

ON the evening of August 6 he ate dinner with several people at a restaurant in the midtown, a single ticket for a theatre seat in his pocket. Then he moved, waving from a taxicab window, into that terrible emptiness that holds Dorothy Arnold and Charlie Ross and the Lost Dauphin. Joseph F. Crater, sometime Justice of the Supreme Court, had disappeared —and before us lay that absorbing case, the mystery of the vanished judge.

All clues lay along the back trail. There began a slow and difficult reconstruction of the past, confused by the Case of the Dubious Magistrates, moving into half a dozen alleys that were encouraging, then doubtful, then palpably wrong. But in two months a credible narrative has grown. For all its erasures, its corrections, and its tardy additions, the narrative fits at last into a certain symmetry:

The real identity of Crater himself emerged slowly. It was full of the contradictions which surround all real identities, and it established him as a man of four rather sharply divided personalities. He was (1) a jurist of very recent appointment; a machine politician whose direction of a Tammany club gained him recognition and a public job. He was (2) the possessor of a quite distinguished legal mind, and at New York University, where he taught diligently three nights a week, he was regarded as a brilliant and devoted follower of Blackstone. He was (3) a paterfamilias whose chief diversion was thought to be the reading of good books. And he was (4) a fellow of the night clubs, good old Joe to a handful of pretty showgirls. He loved to move about the fringes of theatrical life, in a mild emulation of Jimmy Walker.

It was a mixture of those personalities which guided his activities between the second of August and the sixth.

On August 2, he was at Belgrade Lakes, Maine, his summer home for the past fifteen years. His wife and several relatives were with him when he received a telephone call, and said he must leave at once for New York on important business. (Had he heard rumors that he would not be nominated for reëlection by Tammany?)

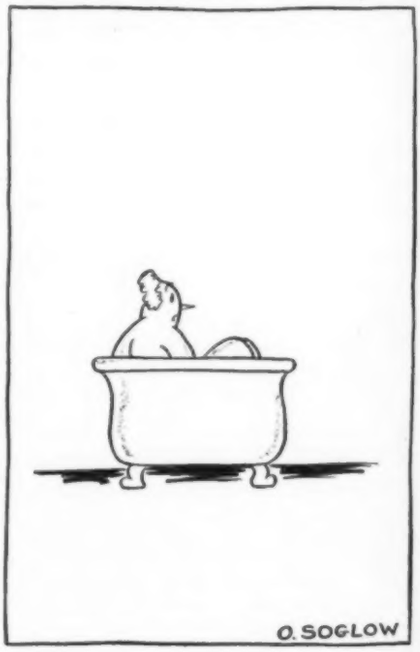
His movements through the third and fourth of August are obscure, although he was in New York, and on the evening of the fifth he dined quietly with friends, playing cards until bedtime, when he presumably walked to his apartment at 40 Fifth Avenue.

On the morning of the sixth, he was at his office in the court house and he was quite active. For the trend of that activity, let us listen to Joseph L. Mara, his courtroom attendant and confidential handy-man:

"He went through his desk and tore up a lot of papers. He filled his briefcase and four cardboard files with more papers and I helped him home with them. He sent me out to cash two cheques totalling fifty-one hundred dollars, and I gave him the money in small bills. Then he said he was going up to Westchester for a swim, and would be back the next day."

That matter of the fifty-one hundred dollars is naturally interesting. It was not the first time he had sent Mara to cash cheques for rather large amounts. On May 25 he received sixty-five hundred dollars—a fee from a client for work done before his appointment—and on May 27 Mara cashed a cheque for seven thousand dollars. "I gave him the money," Mara says, "in thousand-dollar bills, and he left the office."

The withdrawal of the fifty-one



HANSON WEIGHMASTER

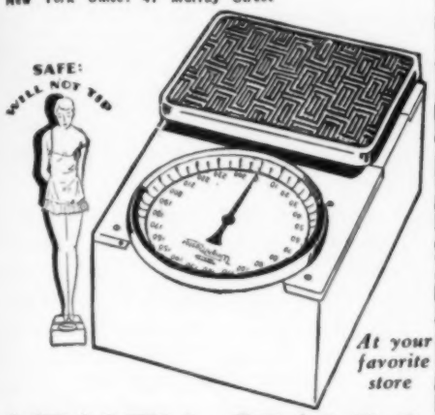
*in the color-range of a rainbow . . . .*

A superior scale—an indispensable addition to the modern boudoir or bath. Hand assembled. Tested with government weights. As dependably accurate as a fine time piece. Its 6-spring lever construction is so sensitized that it registers a weight of one pound as precisely as it does 200 pounds. Beautifully finished. Porcelain or chromium trim, $15.50.

Blue White Ivory Orchid — Rose Black Green

*Guaranteed for a life-time!*

Hanson Scale Company, Chicago
New York Office: 41 Murray Street




*At your favorite store*

HEALTH SCALES
. . . . . by . . . . .
HANSON

BRONXVILLE APARTMENTS
*with metropolitan conveniences . . .*

The new apartments in the Gramatan Court Extension will have all the conveniences of up-to-date Manhattan apartments...elevators, electric refrigerators, incinerators, private store room, laundries, etc.

*(Ready for immediate occupancy)*

LAWRENCE
MANAGEMENT, INC.
131 PARKWAY ROAD
BRONXVILLE, N. Y.
*Bronxville 0400*

*ou can save many dollars on fine furniture at*

STROBEL'S

**Established 1852**

*New Address:* **19-27 W. 21st St., N. Y.**

hundred dollars virtually closed out his chequing accounts at two banks. It was not until a month later that two savings accounts, holding eleven thousand dollars, and opened two weeks before he vanished, were discovered. Mrs. Crater says that she did not know of the savings accounts.

With Mara carrying the five bundles of papers, Crater went to his apartment at noon of the sixth. He was not seen again until six-thirty that afternoon, when he bought one ticket to a show from Joseph Grainsky, a proprietor of the Arrow Ticket Service. At seven-fifteen he appeared at Haas' Restaurant, saw his friend William Klein (attorney for the Shubert Brothers), and sat down for dinner at Klein's table.

There is a certain stimulation for thought in these two incidents. Grainsky must have been a close acquaintance, for late in July he had gone with Crater to Atlantic City for a week-end and enjoyed a lively evening in the company of a night-club hostess—one who now declares that she met Crater for the first and only time that night. Klein was a very close friend. But he neglected, in his original story of the dinner in Haas' Restaurant, to say that others were of the company. This did not appear until Miss Sally Lou Ritzi, a showgirl, telegraphed from Cleveland to report that she and her parents also dined with Crater and the lawyer.

At any rate, the dinner was over at about nine o'clock. Crater seemed in pleasant mood. He left them at the door of the restaurant, got into a taxicab, and disappeared.

NOW we come to two other phases of the mystery: the activities of Crater's family and employees—and the woman in the case.

Mrs. Crater expected her husband

*Style news from Wall Street*

**Interest in the recent Anglo-American skirmishes at polo and sailing has brought a new double-breasted suit to Wall Street. It's snug in the waist, broad of lapel and quite English (as sketched above and reproduced in Mayfair suits).**

MAYFAIR SUITS
*by Hart Schaffner & Marx*
$65
*[Full silk lined]*

WALLACH BROTHERS
Fifth Avenue at 42nd St.
53 Broadway (Below Wall)
and eleven other stores

## as the dress so the make-up

*Kathleen Mary Quinlan explains to curious Dicky Marvin at the Colony*

*Scene:* The gold and rose room of the Colony Restaurant. Mr. Dicky Marvin, one of the socially prominent young gentlemen who haunt the Colony because it is so indisputably exclusive, is dining me and satisfying his curiosity about women's 1930-31 faces.

*He says* (pretending extreme bewilderment): I understand how the new clothes have made their figures go in and out in new places—very fascinating, too—but I am puzzled by the new faces, more Viennese than American. There appears to be a sudden great scarcity of make-up, but everyone has eyes a couple of sizes larger and more interesting than last season.

*I answer:* Your observations are more romantic than scientific. Actually women are using more make-up, but more subtly. The effect is that of natural coloring—cleverly adapted to the gown.

*He:* The little chameleons!

*I:* Why not? Only the woman who is old-fashioned will continue to say, "Beige makes me look washed out," or "I should adore to appear in red, but I'd look like a barmaid!"

*He:* Then, according to your adaptation to environment theory, women can wear any color their little hearts desire. But may I ask what happens when the lady hasn't a very good eye for color? Like an ear for music, you know.

*I:* There are general rules that I teach every woman. Darker powders for the brighter shades of dresses. More rouge for the cold colors and less for the warm ones. And so on . . .

And quite frequently the client brings her gown into my Salon, and my expert instructs her how to make up to it.

*He:* "Sold," as we say in business. But all this does not explain the great expansion of the feminine eye.

*I:* Partly it does. Because, as the general make-up has become more subdued, the eyes have become the new center of interest. Even conservative women today are learning how to make their eyes deeper, more glowing, more mysterious, more . . .

*He:* Stop! I can't bear it! More dangerous is what it all amounts to!

*I:* I seem to have made my point . . .

•

All Miss Quinlan's preparations for the scientific treatment and the new make-up of the skin may be found in the leading shops. Miss Quinlan will give her personal attention to individual problems at the Salon—Plaza 4086.

**salon** 655 Fifth Avenue


to return to Belgrade Lakes about the eighth or ninth of August. When the fifteenth came, and no word had been received from him, she sent Fred Kahler, the chauffeur, to New York in the family car. He was to find Crater, and report when he might be expected at the summer home.

Kahler, arriving in New York, immediately sought the Judge's secretary, Frederick A. Johnson. Johnson said: "Oh, he's around town somewhere. He'll be up in a few days." And Kahler telegraphed to Mrs. Crater: "Everything O.K." The chauffeur then spent four days in New York, and went back to Belgrade Lakes on the twentieth, alone. That is his narrative. The records of the Brevoort Garage show, however, that the Crater automobile did not reach the garage until August 21.

A week went by with no activity at all. Then Leo Lowenthal, a city detective and friend of Crater's, grew worried about the Judge's continued absence. In his unofficial capacity as a friend, he visited the Crater apartment. He found Crater's vest, watch and chain, cardcase, and fountain pen lying on a desk. There was no sign of the papers that had been carried from the office, and the mail had accumulated.

On September 3, Lowenthal decided that certain friends of Crater's should know of his disappearance, and the case was handed officially to the police. This was nearly a month after the Judge had vanished—a month in which friends, confidential employees, and family had apparently assumed that he would turn up any moment.

Immediately, there was a rush of clues. Ransom letters written by cranks asked huge sums from Mrs. Crater—who stated she was ill and could not be questioned. From all over the country came reports that the missing man had been seen: in barbershops, drugstores, walking along roads, in hotels. Reporters calling on Mrs. Crater at Belgrade Lakes were told that she and her husband were absent on a two-weeks' business trip. Associate judges who were also friends emphatically expressed the opinion that murder had been done. And Dr. Samuel Buchler, rabbi and lawyer, informed a newspaper that he had been consulted on August 5 by Miss Lorraine Fay concerning a suit for one hundred thousand dollars against Crater for breach of promise.

The hue and cry raced after Miss Lorraine Fay, seemed to get nowhere, and presently were hunting Mrs. Connie Marcus, old friend of the missing man and apparently identified as Miss Fay. Mrs. Marcus, too, had vanished. For three weeks she remained the key to the mystery until she walked into the District Attorney's office and told "an amazingly candid story of her friendship with the Judge which makes it plain that she has no connection with his disappearance." (I quote the District Attorney.)

Now detectives decided to drag the lakes near the Crater summer home. Now the District Attorney sent a questionnaire to Mrs. Crater wherein she refused to answer the item "Who were his closest friends?" Now newspapers offer theories and hint that they know dark things they cannot print. A vague figure moves about the country, or through the minds of imaginative people, saying: "I am Joseph F. Crater of New York."

And there stands the case of the vanished judge.

ONE naturally thinks of blackmail, remembering the large cash withdrawals from the bank—through Mara as the messenger-boy. But if blackmail—and murder for blackmail—why the removal of five bundles of papers from the office?

One thinks of political scandal, when scandal is hurrying through the ranks of the jurists—but if political scandal, why the withdrawals of money?

One thinks of aphasia—but a man with a blank memory wandering about the country would be seen somewhere, and that crushed index finger of the right hand is striking identification.

One thinks at last of a legal-minded, schoolroomish sort of fellow, pranking unfamiliarly through the devious ways of politics and of the fleshpots, fouling himself astonishingly in the tangled threads of both, and running at last into a corner where fleshpots and politics together meet on common ground for his destruction. —MORRIS MARKEY

•

The bride was given away by Mr. John T. Campbell, a close friend of the family. She wore a gown of white crepe romaine, fashioned with adherent circular movement and shirred effect, with
—*Riverdale News.*

No wonder he gave her away.

# LONDON LETTER

LONDON, OCT. 1

WITH a great flourish of trumpets and a "Private-View Day" that would have done credit to the Royal Academy, the great new Gamage's has been given to London. There was some complaint when the row of old trees in Oxford Street, just around the corner from Marble Arch, was taken down to make way for the store—but, what would you? The new building is the best that has been put up in London for years. It is a new style of architecture altogether: a subtle and successful blending of the native, red-brick Queen Anne with the horizontal lines of the buildings in "Metropolis" and the New York setback, which is America's gift to the world. It sounds like a mad medley, but it's homogeneous and rather arresting.

The idea is quite frankly to worry Selfridge's, across the way. Most of London has been to the new building by now to buy something and see what sort of a place it is, and to admire the banner across the hall, wishing Selfridge's "Good Luck." There's a cheerful air of challenge about the whole affair.

THAT these places can attract such an impressive array of nobility to their opening exercises is a constant source of wonder to the more ancient and feudal Englishman. On its first day Gamage's looked like the Royal Enclosure at Ascot; baronesses and viscountesses lurked in every nook. Undoubtedly, there's a certain thrill in taking home the first article ever bought in a brand-new shop, but the more general explanation is that most of these people wanted jobs. I'm told the percentage of *Burke's Peerage* that applied for employment was quite extraordinary.

Of course, there's been a movement in that direction for some years. It helps to solve the problem of what to do with girls. There's the Mayfair Supply Stores, where you may buy a lampshade from a young lady whose blood is guaranteed of the purest *eau-de-nil* blue. All around Knightsbridge you may come upon ladies of gentle nurture working under such *noms de guerre* as the Merchant Adventurers and Universal Aunts. In Beauchamp Place, which runs behind Harrod's, you may buy useless and decorative objects in every shop from real ladies, which some people apparently think is a great comfort. An establishment in Sloane Square, called Peter Jones, which is run without profit and is staffed entirely by female gentlefolk, has a waiting list of five hundred.

AFTER the annual vacation agony, it's good to be back in London; and now that sun-tan is no longer fashionable, you can tell the people who have been away by the dazzling whiteness of their complexions. Only M. Coty knows how they do it.

I suppose the sun-bath craze was bound to slip, but the passing of Cap d'Antibes, Deauville, and the Lido may have had something to do with it. You mustn't go to these places any more; though Monte Carlo, with its rubber beach and *piscine*, was more or less filled all summer with apprehensive figures cringing in the shade.

IT'S a little difficult to say what's going to happen to the Embassy Club without Luigi. Most of its members still belong, and there's just a chance that the place has passed into English history, along with the Magna Carta and Mr. Baldwin, in which case its future is assured. If Deauville has been handed over to M. Citroën and the Dolly Sisters, and Antibes to the racing motorists, it looked on the reopening night as if the Embassy had gone to the authors. They were there in droves, imbibing first impressions of the place they had written about so well. Of the lot, only Mr. Phillips Oppenheim, if you can call him an author, is a habitué of this sort of place, and he limits himself to two cocktails, and makes it a rule to be in bed by twelve.

THE authors were busy this summer. The publishers' announcements list books by Rose Macaulay, J. B. Priestley, Mary Borden, John Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett; in fact, most of the big guns will go off this autumn. A. P. Herbert has had a great success with his "Water Gipsies" (he once spent eight days on a barge) and everybody who can stand another word about the war is loud in praise of Siegfried Sassoon's "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer."

The lecturers, too, have started work again. Æ has gone to New York; William Gerhardi, on the other hand, has just come back. True to type, in an *Evening Standard* article, Gerhardi turned and rended his recent audiences. It was all there: the steam heat, the noise, the Elks, the irritating hospitality, the faked interviews, the women's clubs—"Terrible, terrible," says Mr. Gerhardi.

Perhaps there are striking differences between the two nations. The book club which Hugh Walpole started remains pretty constant at ten thousand members, which is no subscription list at all. Most people just wait to see what book the eminent judges select, and then borrow it from a library. It comes cheaper that way, and you don't have to keep the book.

THERE are also stirrings in the theatre world. John Drinkwater has written a new play, so far without finding a buyer. W. B. Yeats has finished a play on Dean Swift, in prose, which will be produced at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin and will probably find its way here in due course. "Street Scene" has pleased the critics immensely, tempered with some doubt whether it will appeal to the great uncultured masses, and the performance has drawn some pretty compliments about the enterprise of American playwrights and producers. "Charlot's Masquerade" is a show that fills the eye pleasantly without fatiguing the brain, and five more musical shows are impending, so we aren't completely miserable.

—A. G.

•

**UH HUH DEPARTMENT**

[*From the Boston Post*]

"I know a preventive of sea-sickness. Sit upright, with the feet off the deck or floor, preferably in the open air, and yield to the motion of the ship."

TANGEE

*The Magic Lipstick!*

Tangee is Nature's loveliest color. For this is the magic of Tangee . . . it changes on your lips and blends perfectly with your own natural coloring, whether you are fairest blonde, darkest brunette or titian red.

For Tangee is like a lovely glow from within, a blush entirely without thickness or greasy smear . . . permanent, natural color which you cannot smear or rub away.

Unlike other lipsticks, Tangee has a solidified cream base, one that soothes, heals and protects. And one Tangee lipstick outlasts several of the usual kind.

Tangee *Lipstick*, $1. Also the same marvelous color principle in *Rouge Compact*, 75c . . . *Crême Rouge*, $1. *Face Powder*, blended to match the natural skin tones, $1. *Night Cream*, both cleanses and nourishes, $1. *Day Cream*, a foundation cream, protects the skin, $1. *Cosmetic*, a new "mascara," will not smart, $1.

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY
417 Fifth Avenue New York

## CAFETERIA

*ONE hamburger! A side order of baked beans! Glasses up! Hey, bus, glasses up!* Ha? Yeah, doan he, though? Oney Charlie is thinner and Charlie, he orders chicken croquettes alla time he usta come in here. There wasn't a day when Charlie din order chicken croquettes when they was on the menu. If they wasn't on the menu, then he'd ordered a hamburger. Always a hamburger and medium done. He never liked it well done. Oh, no, not for almost two weeks now. Well, not exactly, oney I don't see him, that's all. *One corn-beef hash! You want cawfee with that, mister? O. K. Well, we got some nice fruit salad. Well, you try the fruit salad, it's good for you. One ham 'n eggs, mash brown potatoes! One hamburger comin'!*

*You want gravy with that, mister? O. K.* Well, for cryin' out loud, look who's—! Oh, hello, Charlie. Sure I'm surprised. Of course. I ain't seen you since—well, since that night you took me out. Justa minute, Charlie. *One salmon salad! A side order of French fried! Oh, mister! Waita minute, I ain't punched your check. Sure you got a check. There it is. Lemme see. Forty and ten makes fifty and five that's fifty-five. O. K.* Well, Charlie, I thought you scratched me off your list. Sure you gotta list. Who you tryin' to kid about not havin' a list, me? Sure you missed me. You missed me so much you couldn't even come around for lunch to find out—well, never mind. No, I'm not sore. Oney I think I gotta right to know why you changed your mind. You ast me to go out and when I do go out—well, I dunno. I better not say anythin'. No, I'm not sore. I'm just—just a minute, Charlie. Don't go 'way. Just stay there. *One bacon and egg and toast! Ha? Yes, sir. Make the bacon crisp, chef! One bowla soup! Spoons up! Hey, bus! You betta clear away some of that stuff over there.*

WHERE was I, Charlie? Yeah, I was sayin' that you make me look like an awful fool. Well, I din wanna kiss you that night. I told you, well, I says to you I'd lose respect and I lost respect because you din see me and you din come in for a bite like you always did. Ha? You moved your office? Aw, go on, tell that to somebody else. You mean it? You ain't next door no more? Oh, Charlie. Think of all the chicken croquettes we're gonna have to let go waste. Where'd you move to? To Maiden Lane? Well, I never! That's alla way downtown, ain't it? That's where—oh, wait just a minute, Charlie. Mr. Moran is lookin' over here.

*One corn-beef san'wich on rye bread! One asparagus salad! Creamed spinach? Yes, sir. We got fresh creamed spinach today.* What was I sayin', Charlie? Oh, yeah. Well, the least you coulda done was to let me know you was gonna move. Well, because. Well, because after that night—I mean, the things you said, well, I thought you really meant them things. Well, then why din you drop in? I know, but even so you shoulda let me know. I kept lookin' for you every day we had chicken croquettes—I mean—well, I think you shoulda let me know. Ha? Ah, you say that because you think I'm sore and you wanna get in good with me again. You mean that? Well, I dunno why you're here. I know Maiden Lane is alla ways downtown. Say, that's true—today is Thursday and we don't have chicken croquettes on Thursday. Then you did come down to see me? Say, Charlie—don't go 'way. Please stay there. *Ha? Aw right, mister, there's no use gettin' sore. I've oney got two hands. I'm oney human. I wasn't talkin'—I was takin' the man's order. Yes, sir. One lettuce and tamater on glutten!*

SAY, Charlie, can you beat that guy gettin' sore just because I was talkin' to you. Well, that's nice of you to say so. Yeah, that's what you said that night. Well, I ain't seen you in two weeks after that. I suppose now you said the same thing I ain't gonna see you for two more weeks. Oh, Charlie, you mustn't say that. Well, the people might listen. Oh, Charlie, shush! Well, for cryin' out loud! I dunno, I'll ast him. Hey, Rose, tend here a w'ile. Where's Mr. Moran? Oh, over there. I'm gonna see if I can get my lunch now. Eat? Say, don't be silly. I'm so excited, I couldn't eat a thing. I just wanna go for a walk. Charlie wants me to go for a walk with him. Charlie, he just moved his office, that's why he ain't been in. And Rose—he came alla way from Maiden Lane—alla way from Maiden Lane to see me. No, that's just it. If it was chicken-croquette day it'd be different. But this is Wennsday and chicken croquettes ain't till tomorrow.

—ARTHUR KOBER

# THE ART GALLERIES

*Saying It With Tea—*
*Another Little Shop—*
*Mother and the Tots*

WE missed a lot of tea last week, the pouring of which is the customary official libation to the future of the art season, and unfortunately we couldn't wait for the boats to dock with the French canvases that made up the two big shows, but our report will come along next week.

By now, Kraushaar is in full swing with his exhibition of French Moderns, and the Harriman Gallery has made its début with a show of the more popular French. It seems, by the way, we have done the Harriman Gallery a wrong; it will not confine itself to the French alone, but will take a plunge or two with local men, Walt Kuhn being the first.

ANOTHER new gallery is that of John Becker, at 520 Madison Avenue. When it opened last spring, it devoted itself to selling color reproductions of famous paintings. Now it has gone in for originals, its current show being of twenty-two drawings and gouaches by Picasso. The catalogue has a foreword by that champion foreword-writer, Frank Crowninshield, and the originals are hung in one room, the copies in another; so no one need go astray. If you enjoy Picasso —and few laymen do—you will find here some fine examples of the master at his economic best. These bits are from Picasso's later periods. We liked the tiny gouaches even more than the drawings.

John Becker's little shop offers its wares to those who like art for its own sake rather than to those who strive for the rare and unattainable. To us the accurate color prints of Degas, Renoir, Picasso, and so on, seem exciting enough for people who cannot afford originals. It would take an expert to tell the difference, anyway. The growth of these small places indicates something, and we like to believe that it points to an increasing interest in art.

SINCE it is highly probable that most of America gets its only art through its breakfast-food and tire advertisements, the annual show of fifty outstanding advertisements at the Art Center came to our official notice.

This year's exhibition of these accomplishments was no great shakes. The French influence, which has made rapid strides in the makeup of most of the products advertised, does not seem to have colored the methods of the ballyhoo itself. Our local art directors still cling to the home and recognize no shrine except the one that holds aloft Mother and the little tots—the safe and stodgy virtues of suburbia. Now and then some of the gods who direct the wars on sales-resistance, and so on, realize that this is a moving, mechanistic age and adapt their attention-callers to the tempo of our times. We would have no quarrel with the directors who use the old-fashioned symbols if they also made use of the essential necessities of their ballyhoo. (We suppose there is a high-sounding word for them, invented by Dr. Watson, but just now we don't know it.) We are referring to the use of space and design in a manner that will catch the eye of the reader as he turns from one advertising page to another. Too much of the contemporary stuff is cluttered and run on a false theory of economy. Six words read are better than a thousand unread, even if they occupy the same space.

The advertisements we liked in this array were by Gordon Aymar, for the Pennsylvania Railroad; by George McAndrew, for Lesquendieu, Inc.; by Edwin De Witt Schmerler, for Thomas Cook & Son; by Herman Roeg, for Fels & Company; by Rudolph Schwartz, for the Belding Heminway Company; and by George McAndrew, again, for the Armstrong Cork Company. The typewriter companies also seem to know what is what, Rudolph Czufins' advertisement for the Royal Typewriter Company and Leonard Luce's for Remington Rand taking the cake.

THE Art Center also gave Occidentals a chance to see the latest art developments of India. So much politics has been coming out of India that a few pictures were a relief.

The natives of India, it seems, have a new art, and they got it from their past. For a time they tried a little Japanese art and a good deal of Persian, with some French for seasoning. The present trend seems to have retained the best features of each. The stuff is very much alike, clinging to the legends and symbols of an age long dead. The colors are soft and the designs accurately Oriental. Somehow, though, in the year 1930 we cannot get excited about retrogressive art. We string along with Frank Lloyd Wright, who has an epigram to the effect that tradition is only fertilizer—a fine thing to make the flowers grow, but nothing to be considered as a diet.

THE Kleeman-Thormann Gallery, given over almost entirely to prints, has a fall show of contemporary English and American examples. In the back room the British are sentimental with their drypoints and acids, leaving the print business about where Whistler and Cameron left it—and found it. The American sector is a little more alive, but only in tiny spots. And these spots are not always too American. There is Orosco, strangely out of place in this group; and Childe Hassam, Martin Lewis, and Albert Sterner also contribute in their usual manner.

THE late-summer show of the Valentine Gallery is a mixture of the popular French in some of their lesser manifestations. It has a nice Matisse, a fine Lurçat, and some good Dufys, Braques, and Derains. Nearly everyone is there, from Picasso to Gromaire. The fall season of this house starts in a fortnight with a show of pictures the proprietor has brought from France.

HERE AND THERE: The Downtown Gallery starts the year with a group of contemporary Americans. The show is called "Summer Landscapes" and the pictures are supposed to be fresh off the easels. The painters are Brook, Coleman, Fiene, Hart, Kuhn, and Weber, among others. . . . Ancient and modern decorative panels are at Ferargil until Saturday, October 11. . . . The Fifty-sixth Street Galleries will have a collection of Chinese sculpture and porcelain from October 13 through November. . . . The Ehrich Galleries have a show of "English Conversation Pieces." . . . Paul Rohland is exhibiting his water colors at the Edward Side Galleries, in Philadelphia, until this Saturday, October 11. —M. P.

•

. . . . . Two weeks after he was Miss Reed and has made his home in graduated from Yale he was married to Springfield ever since.—*Boston Traveler.*

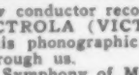
As for us, we're wedded to New York.

**ERICH KLEIBER**

**THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA'S**

brilliant new conductor records for GERMAN ELECTROLA (VICTOR). Importations of his phonographic readings are available through us.
The Prague Symphony of Mozart and numerous other recordings of Kleiber interpretations unavailable elsewhere may be heard and obtained at

THE GRAMOPHONE SHOP
RARE IMPORTED
and Victor Records



*The music you want when you want it*

Encyclopedia of the World's Best Recorded Music sent you on request. Price twenty-five cents postpaid.

*All discs reviewed in the New Yorker are kept in stock.*

**The Gramophone Shop Inc.**

18 East 48th St. *Wickersham 1876*

*Cafeteria Chasers are Disappointed*

THOSE rare mortals that really enjoy carrying trays or bearing heavy suitcases find the Carlton a grievious let-down.

For it is a point of pride with us that no Carlton guest should be burdened. Be it mental worries over menu troubles, or physical feats of strength . . . our faithful servitors uphold our desire to treat guests as honored guests.

*THE CARLTON*
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Single room and bath—$4.00, $5.00, $6.00
Double room and bath—$7.00, $8.00, $10.00
Suites—$15.00 to $30.00. All outside rooms.


# THE AUCTION SALE

I'LL sell it blind—this package contains an article retailing at five dollars and I'll sell it blind—will anybody bid twenty-five cents without looking at it?—thank you—I have twenty-five cents bid—who'll make it thirty?—I have twenty-five cents bid—I'll sell it—I'll sell it—I said look at it first—if you like it take it—if you don't like it don't take it—and there's no harm done—I have thirty bid—I'll sell only one and when I open it don't say that you did not have as much chance as the other man—I have thirty bid—thirty—thirty—thirty-five—I have thirty-five cents bid—I want to give everybody in here the same chance and the same opportunity—I have thirty-five cents bid—are you done?—are you done?—once—twice—all right, this gentleman gets this package blind for thirty-five cents if he wants it—if when we open it he does not want it, he does not have to take it.

WHERE is the gentleman who bought this package for thirty-five cents?—all right, sir, we will open up this package and show you what is in it—step closer to the counter, please, ladies and gentlemen—it is customary when we start our sale to set out a few articles just to get things going—what is that, Mr. Pfeifer?—you want me to sell that blue-white diamond solitaire engagement ring?—I don't think we have the right audience here for that—look at what they want me to sell—this enormous diamond in a platinum setting—all right, if you insist I'll put it up, but remember what I told you—now, people, if there is a man out there that is a diamond expert—if there is a man out there that is a diamond connoisseur—that is the man that I appeal to—here is just the kind of a ring that millions of girls all over the country are pining for—you buy this ring and we'll guarantee the girl—look at that diamond—look at that sparkle—look at the size of it—will anybody start it off for two hundred dollars?—no one?—will anybody start it off for a hundred and fifty dollars?—one hundred?—fifty?—gentlemen, I am surprised—I am more than surprised—I am actually astounded—standing up here before a crowd of intelligent people and unable to get a bid of twenty-five dollars on this exquisite diamond engagement ring—why the platinum setting alone without the precious stone is worth twenty-five dollars—how smart must a man be?—how much education must a man have, to know the value of a diamond like this?—well, what is your pleasure, ladies and gentlemen?—bid what you want and I'll sell it—I don't care—what is that?—five dollars?—I see I made a mistake in putting this up—if I did not think that I would get more than five dollars to start this ring I would not have put it up—but I'll sell it—give me a second bid and I'll sell it—I have five dollars bid, who will make it ten?—all right, seven is bid—I have seven dollars bid by the young man with the lady over here—are you buying this ring for the pretty lady?—don't blush, now—we men know how it is—we all do it sooner or later—I have seven dollars bid—seven—seven—what?—did you hear that?—seven-fifty—I have seven-fifty bid—there is the cream of the sale going begging—it has everything that a diamond should have—it is an aristocrat of value and an autocrat of beauty—why, ladies and gentlemen, you ought to jump at this like an angry bull at a haystack—and you, are you going to stand by and have your lady friend see you let this ring go to someone else for seven-fifty?—that's right—eight dollars—I have eight dollars bid—if you buy this for eight dollars I'll buy it right back from you for sixteen—eight dollars is bid—somebody is going to walk out of here with the greatest bargain that I've ever seen—eight is bid—eight—eight—nine—nine dollars has been bid—do you people know who bid nine dollars?—a dealer bid it, that's who—are you going to stand there and let a dealer take this ring from under your

noses for nine dollars and sell it to you in his store for the full price?—I am spending this much time because I am ashamed to give this ring up for nine dollars—why, the way you people are bidding I'm beginning to believe you wouldn't give ten dollars for this whole building—who would give ten dollars for this whole building?—there, I told you—will anybody give me fifty cents more for this ring?—I have nine bid—nine once—nine twice—are you through?—are you done?—come on, make it ten and you can have it for the lady—will you make it ten?—all right, sold to this couple for ten dollars.

STEP right in the back and we'll wrap it up for you—what is that?—you want to know if you can take something else instead?—why, what is wrong with this ring?—oh, nothing is wrong with it but you changed your mind, eh?—what do you think this is, a department store?—he thinks this is a department store—here you keep all these other people from buying the ring and then you decide you don't want it—oh, you do want it?—then why don't you take it?—you'd rather have something else, would you?—you want a wedding ring instead?—why didn't you say so in the first place?—sure we'll sell you a wedding ring—you're a fast worker, aren't you?—I mean each of you—now here is a nice wedding ring for you—isn't that a beauty?—drop in for a set of dishes when you return from your honeymoon.

NOW where is the gentleman who bought this package blind for thirty-five cents?—all right, if you will all come closer to the counter we will open this package and show the gentleman what is in it—if after he sees it he wants it he can pay for it and take it—if he doesn't want it he doesn't have to take it and there's no harm done—who will give me ten cents for what I have in my left hand? . . .

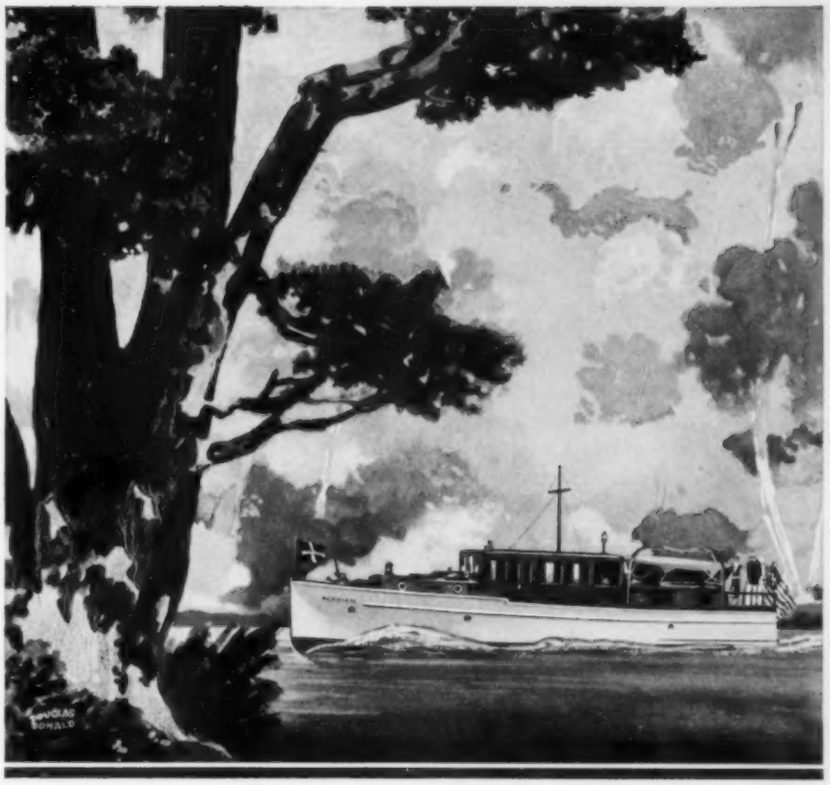
—José Schorr

•

MANY ACTIVITIES OF LATE

Sprague ville, Sept. 23—During the past three weeks there has occurred in Sprague ville three weddings, two church dinners, library facilities, Sunday services in two churches, weekly prayer services in the Methodist church and the Willing Workers weekly practice for a play to be given by that society Friday evening, Sept. 27 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hutton.—*Carthage (N. Y.) Republican Tribune.*

Don't you people ever get any sleep?

The new Burger 46' cruiser enters the stock boat competition with a Sterling Petrel engine; typical of the quality of boat and material

*Let the Glories of the Passing Autumn Anticipate Awakening Spring!*

Sterling — The Engine of Refinement

Decide now upon your 1931 cruiser or runabout. Custom built yachts require a minimum of four months for proper completion. Production schedules for stock boats are formulated in October and thereafter deliveries to owners are made in rotation, as the orders are received.

Judged by Sterling sales for 1930, which for the first eight months were over 17% greater than for a similar period of last year, the marine industry is expanding rapidly and boats should be ordered earlier to appreciate a complete season.

The Petrel, Dolphin and Viking models for 1931 are practically unchanged, excepting for slight differences in some of the equipment, Still Unequalled in Performance.

STERLING ENGINE COMPANY
1370 Niagara Street Buffalo, N. Y., U. S. A.

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

THE NEW YORKER,
25 West 45th Street, New York.

Please enter my subscription for THE NEW YORKER—

☐ 1 Year—$5.00 ☐ 2 Years—$8.00

(POSTAGE: Canada, 50c; Foreign, $1.00 additional per year)

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least three weeks prior to the date of the issue with which it is to take effect

# RECENT BOOKS

*Skeleton in the Cupboard—Russia—World's Doom*
*—Irish Odyssey—Remittance Man—Girl Friendship*

THIS review of "Cakes and Ale," by W. Somerset Maugham, may be summed up in a single sentence: "Well, I'll be damned!"

The damnation will probably extend to Mr. Maugham himself. One can feel the frozen and tearful silence with which the novel will be received in certain English literary circles. One can hear the irreverent snickers and titters of the Nonconformists. Oh, the wicked, the mischievous, the malicious Mr. Maugham!

Now what is it all about? Simply this: Mr. Maugham has selected as the hero of his novel a Grand Old Master of English Literature. When the story opens, the Master is already dead and has been duly canonized by the weekly literary supplements. His home, with his second wife acting as high priestess, has become a national shrine. He is safely tucked away in a niche among the Great Novelists. No one is so bold to admit that the Master's novels were terrible bores.

A young writer, a literary Sadie Thompson, starts out to prepare a biography of the Master and applies to an old friend for material. Whereupon the Skeleton in the Cupboard (which, by the way, is the subtitle of the book) jumps out to confront the biographer and the second wife. For there had been a first wife, a lovely, warm-hearted barmaid, and all that the novelist had ever accomplished, all that he had ever known of life and happiness, had been enjoyed during his marriage to the disgraceful Rosie Gann.

Rosie had been as promiscuous as the springtime. She had cheated her husband, run him into debt, and had kept him from respectability. But she had allowed him to drink his beer in barrooms, to sing "Come Where the Booze Is Cheaper," to write when and what he pleased at an old roll-top desk. She hadn't forced him to take unnecessary baths. When Rosie leaves him—for a dashing coal merchant—the Old Master ceases to be a novelist and becomes a museum piece.

Whether or not you know at whom Mr. Maugham is pointing, all this is great material for a novel; it is, aside from any considerations of its source, sound and true. Quite apart from Mr. Maugham's devilish literary criticisms, the book has the sweep and feeling of an extraordinary work. In the end, the Master is presented to you, not as the last of the grand old English novelists, but as a man who loved life.

Mr. Maugham also gives you a secondary literary portrait, a cruel and amusing picture of a popular second-rate novelist. He exposes for you the soul of a professional writer of blurbs for book jackets, a chronic lecturer, a literary cheerleader. At least a half a dozen novelists fit neatly into Mr. Maugham's pattern. In fact, one man's name is on the tip of my tongue. But read the book and do your own pointing.

THE sensational novel of the Russian Revolution has finally arrived. It is called "Quiet Street" and it was written by Michael Ossorgin, who is now living in Paris. Mr. Ossorgin will probably go right on living in Paris. For this novel, in its direct presentation of recent horrors, is as disturbing and as harrowing as "All Quiet on the Western Front." He tells you the story of a cultivated bourgeois family living in Moscow. He shows you how, in five October days, their world stopped spinning and turned upside down; how people who had never known hunger were driven to eating horseflesh; and how men and women who were the leaders in their own intellectual circles were glad to get jobs as entertainers in workingmen's clubs.

Mr. Ossorgin's dark tale is tempered with a certain moderation. He was, at one time, a revolutionary himself; he belonged to the Moderists who became, in that dreadful national passion, as hated as the Romanoffs. Nevertheless, he recognizes the terrible events of the early Revolution as incidents concomitant with any Reign of Terror. He shows you Russia gradually

*"They say she's a descendant of Button Gwinnett. I don't see any resemblance, myself."*

Now—by simply turning the Philco Tone-Control knob, any owner of the new Philco models can instantaneously adjust Philco to the tone quality HE prefers for speech, symphonic music, jazz. And, if he should happen to be in a "noisy" location, he can cut down the interference and enjoy programs in a way never before possible. "Brilliant"—"Bright"—"Mellow"—or "Deep" shades of tone are now at the finger tips

THE new giant of radio—Towering performance by which all other radios are judged...

HAROLD LLOYD in "FEET FIRST"
Seen in Leading Theatres Everywhere
NO DISTORTION!
A radio whose units are but partially balanced can only bring you the distorted tone pictured at the left. With Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set, you get the true, clear, undistorted tone pictured at the right

# Philco Screen Grid-Plus . . . *the Super Set*

DO you realize that Philco's Super Set—Screen Grid-Plus—is the only radio at any price giving you All these super-performance features which have made it truly the giant of radio:

*Enormous Power*—More than the average owner needs, yet wonderful for those who want to bring in programs; local or out-of-town; right *through* the crowded local stations.

*Automatic Volume Control*—Which automatically *holds* programs at level volume without fading. It makes radio power *worth while*, because of course, power is useless if programs fade after you tune them in.

*Tone-Control*—Radio's newest miracle described above.

*Daylight Reception*—Automatic Volume Control in the Super Set reduces fading; Tone-Control enables you to cut down static and interfering noises by setting it at "Mellow" or "Deep." Daylight programs never before available now lighten household duties.

*Balanced Units*—Which eliminate distortion and produce the true, clear, glorious Philco tone.

*Super-sharp Selectivity*—Produced by Philco's new, exclusive 9-tube circuit, uniform over the entire dial. Local programs easily separated; out-of-town stations brought in clearly *without cross-talk* from crowded locals.

*Beautiful Cabinets*—Authentic designs by America's foremost furniture creators in rare woods; magnificent craftsmanship; household pieces of which you can be proud.

***Before you buy any Radio, Compare These Philco Features in Actual Demonstration***

Only tremendous public acceptance of Screen Grid-Plus has enabled us to price it within the reach of all. Originally, it was designed for those who are only satisfied with "something extra" in performance. Yet these Super Sets jumped into such popularity that now it is possible to offer them at prices which anybody can afford... And the 7-tube Screen Grid sets, in Baby Grands, Consoles, and Lowboys are, next to Screen Grid-Plus, the finest radios you can buy. All furniture models have Station Recording Dial on which you can permanently log favorite stations. Prices range from $49.50 (Baby Grand) to $198 (Radio Phonograph). Concert Grand Radio-Phonograph, greatest of all receivers, $350. All prices less tubes. Available for AC and DC current and in a battery set. Prices slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West. Ask your dealer for a free demonstration today. Easy terms when you buy. And enjoy radio as you ride. Transitone Automobile Radio is now sold by all Philco dealers.

PHILCO SCREEN GRID-PLUS HIGHBOY

*Exquisite walnut cabinet containing Philco's new 9-tube Super Set. Automatic Volume Control; Tone-Control. Built-in Aerial. New, Electro-Dynamic Speaker behind American Gobelin tapestry . . . .* $145.00

*The same Super Set now available in the Lowboy (Priced less tubes)* $127.50

PHILCO

BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

*Makers of the famous Philco Radios, Diamond Grid Battery for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc., etc.*

IN CANADA:
PHILCO PRODUCTS, LTD., TORONTO

WITTY ◇◇ USEFUL ◇◇ EPICUREAN

**The Gun Club Cook Book**

✓ Or, a Culinary Code for Appreciative Epicures.
✓ Being a discussion of the methods and procedures of cooking, together with observations on kitchen usages and including many receipts from many lands.
✓ By CHARLES BROWNE
✓ Sometime Mayor of Princeton, one-time member of Congress, A.M., M.D., etc., etc., but primarily interested in cookery.
✓ Appetizingly illustrated by Leonard T. Holton.

SCRIBNERS $3.00

Service Café Studios
Terraces APARTMENTS
As they say in Paris:—
"VENEZ ICI"
COME and see why these smart apartments are the hit of New York! 1 to 3 rooms at monthly rentals from
$75 to $350
Unfurnished. Ready Now. Also furnished apartments. Full hotel service if desired. FULL HOUSEKEEPING
Management of
Douglas L. Elliman & Co. Inc.
15 East 49th St. Plaza 9200
Office on premises. Tel. Murray Hill 7601
BEAUX-ARTS APARTMENTS Inc.
307 & 310 E. 44TH ST.
3 BLOCKS FROM GRAND CENTRAL

righting herself and establishing her own order. This moderation, this deep feeling of justice, saves the book from ranting. It is beautifully and poetically written and peopled with characters that are warmly and glowingly human.

NOW for another debacle—a catastrophe that heavy, heavy hangs over our heads: "The End of the World," forecast by Geoffrey Dennis. Ominous with horror, thunderous with impending disaster, Mr. Dennis' book will scare you out of your wits.

In a prose poem, which is as fine as anything that has come along in years, Mr. Dennis tells how the world may come to an end, in any number of horrible and painful ways—by comet, by fire, by collision, or by water. Not maybe, but certainly. Not in a million years, but tonight, or tomorrow, or next week. There are stars careening through space that are apt to bump into us at any minute, and yet nobody is lifting a hand to do anything about it. The surface of the earth is so thin that, as Mr. Dennis points out, we are only a short morning's walk from Gehenna. Eleven miles of solid earth are being swallowed by the ocean every year. If the volcanoes don't catch us, the water must.

"The End of the World" is a book full of wonder, of awe, of spaciousness. It is also full of superb words with their roots deep in the Greek language. It will take your mind off your small troubles and give you some big ones to worry about.

THE week is simply studded with masterpieces. For instance, "Two Years," by Liam O'Flaherty. When Mr. O'Flaherty was discharged from the army in the last year of the war, he started out to see the world, for the very Irish reason that he didn't like his home. In the course of two years, he covered a good third of the world and lost a vast number of jobs. Only an Irishman with a load of discontent could have been hired and fired so often. In his restlessness he built the foundations of his literary career and found food for his imagination. I advise you to read Mr. O'Flaherty and compare him with the smug, successful author pictured by Mr. Maugham in "Cakes and Ale."

"REARGUARD," by Compton Pakenham, is another upsetting novel. Mr. Pakenham introduces you to a remittance man, living in Shanghai with his wife and his terrible offspring. The remittance man is the last of a noble family; only a cousin stands between him and an earldom. The tantalizing hope of the great inheritance rots the soul of the heir-presumptive. It ruins his children; it drives his wife to drink. Occasionally Mr. Pakenham's picture is much too black; when the daughter of a hundred earls was driven to the streets, I raised a skeptical eyebrow. Such things only happen in Sunday-magazine features.

MARION PATTON'S novel, "Dance on the Tortoise," is a subtle, well-presented study of a feminine friendship; a truthful, honest glimpse of the emotional life in a girls' school. If you read it to be shocked, you will do it an injustice and be in for a disappointment. —A. W. S.

## EXCEPTIONAL EIGHTH OF OCTOBER

A year ago today I went to tea
With a German dramatist in Italy.
Two years ago, in Paris, I was led
Out by a Swedish painter to break bread.
Three years ago, in Greece, I dined quite late
With a very handsome Balkan potentate.
Today I sat by a New England tree,
And a chipmunk came to have his lunch with me.
And he did not vouchsafe a single squeak
About himself. I found him quite unique.

—MIRIAM VEDDER

# AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

## Fiction

CAKES AND ALE: OR THE SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD, by W. Somerset Maugham (*Doubleday, Doran*). The wickedest and most amusing of current novels. In which literary idols are shaken out of their niches.

QUIET STREET, by Michael Ossorgin (*Dial Press*). The novel of the Russian Revolution that you have been waiting for.

REARGUARD, by Compton Pakenham (*Knopf*). Black picture of crumbling English aristocracy. Excellently written.

DANCE ON THE TORTOISE, by Marion Patton (*Dial Press*). Subtle study of emotional feminine friendships.

GREEN ISLE, by Alice Duer Miller (*Dodd, Mead*). Shrewd and excellently written novel of a virtuous heroine deftly exposed by the author.

THE STREET OF THE ISLANDS, by Stark Young (*Scribner*). A book of moods and sketches about Southern souls.

THE CASTLE, by Franz Kafka, translated by Edwin and Willa Muir (*Knopf*). A modern allegory of a man's search for divine grace told profoundly, originally, and with sombre beauty.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, by Louis Bromfield (*Stokes*). New York extravaganza which is really Robert W. Chambers dressed up with new complexes and bigger-and-better scenery.

SHRIMPS FOR TEA, by Josephine Blumenfeld (*Doubleday, Doran*). Delicate short stories, some very good and others rather feeble.

A NOTE IN MUSIC, by Rosamond Lehmann (*Holt*). Another excellent novel of muffled feminine emotions by the author of "Dusty Answer."

MAURICE GUEST, by Henry Handel Richardson (*Norton*). A new edition of one of the few great modern novels.

THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED, by Leonard Merrick (*Dutton*). New collection of short stories for those who dote on Merrick.

THE EDWARDIANS, by V. Sackville-West (*Doubleday, Doran*). Witty and exquisitely written satire of the "fast set" of King Edward VII's reign.

ANGEL PAVEMENT, by J. B. Priestley (*Harper*). Life in a London office, presented in the Dickens manner.

YEARS OF GRACE, by Margaret Ayer Barnes (*Houghton Mifflin*). If you like the Gay Nineties background, you will find this story of a woman's life good reading.

THE PATRIOT'S PROGRESS, by Henry Williamson (*Dutton*). A superior writer turns to the war and achieves one of the best war novels.

MITSOU, by Colette (*A. & C. Boni*). In which a great French novelist writes beautifully and truthfully about a war romance.

LAMENTS FOR THE LIVING, by Dorothy Parker (*Viking*). Thirteen sketches by one who needs no introduction. An indispensable book.

## Mysteries

THE GHOST'S HIGH NOON, by Carolyn Wells (*Lippincott*). . . . THE PAVILION BY THE LAKE, by Arthur J. Rees (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . THE BROADWAY BUTTERFLY MURDERS, by Tip Bliss (*Greenberg*). . . . TINY CARTERET, by H. C. McNeile (*Crime Club*). . . . MURDER IN THE EMBASSY, by Diplomat (*Cape & Smith*). . . . THE FOURTH PLAGUE, by Edgar Wallace (*Crime Club*). . . . THE JURY OF DEATH, by Robert Collyer Washburn (*Crime Club*). . . . THE CHARMING MURDER, by Frank Shay (*Macaulay*). . . . THE MURDERER RETURNS, by Edwin Dial Torgerson (*R. R. Smith*).

## General

TWO YEARS, by Liam O'Flaherty (*Harcourt, Brace*). The Odyssey of an Irishman, and a study in unrest.

THE END OF THE WORLD, by Geoffrey Dennis (*Simon & Schuster*). Prose poem full of wonder and terror. Enough to scare you out of your wits.

GOOD-BYE TO WESTERN CULTURE, by Norman Douglas (*Harper*). The most brilliant—and probably final—answer to "Mother India." And a terrific attack on Mother England.

LETTERS OF HENRY ADAMS, edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford (*Houghton Mifflin*). A history of the Adams mind from 1858 to 1891. Plymouth Rock itself takes pen in hand.

BEASTS CALLED WILD, by André Demaison, translated by Guy Endore (*Farrar & Rinehart*). Superb stories of African animals.

BEGGARS ABROAD, by Jim Tully (*Doubleday, Doran*). A bit of gossip with an entertaining tourist.

WESTWARD, by E. Douglas Branch (*Appleton*). Informative and readable history of the American frontier.

WAGONS WEST, by Elizabeth Page (*Farrar & Rinehart*). The romance of a pioneering family, told from old letters and diaries.

PORTRAIT OF A DIPLOMATIST, by Harold Nicolson (*Houghton Mifflin*). In which Mr. Nicolson writes the biography of his father, a gentleman of the old school. An inside drama of the events that contributed to the World War.

HENRY OF NAVARRE, by Henry Dwight Sedgwick (*Bobbs-Merrill*). The story of Henry IV, who vacillated between two religions and dozens of ladies.

IN THE DAYS OF BICYCLES AND BUSTLES, by R. D. Blumenfeld (*Brewer & Warren*). A journalist chatters of great names and great events.

GROWING UP IN NEW GUINEA, by Margaret Mead (*Morrow*). More snooping into the private lives of savages.

SIMPLE CONFESSION, by Baird Leonard (*Cosmopolitan*). A woman tells what is on her mind and manages to be both honest and lyric about it. Good light verse.

PICTURE BOOK, by Murdock Pemberton (*Knopf*). Talks on modern art that are worth your while. Illustrated.

WHITHER, WHITHER, OR AFTER SEX, WHAT? (*Macaulay*). Our best humorists grow really funny in a burlesque on modern "isms."

AS I SAW IT, by Alden Brooks (*Knopf*). An artillery officer writes about the war. Some new lights on the campaign of 1918, seen by a cool and able observer.

THE WRECK OF THE DUMARU, by Lowell Thomas (*Doubleday, Doran*). The story of a shipwreck that drove men to cannibalism. One long shudder.

MORGAN THE MAGNIFICENT, by John K. Winkler (*Vanguard*). A candid biographer surveys with awe America's greatest prince.

JOSEPH FOUCHÉ, by Stefan Zweig (*Viking*). Exposing the soul of a politician.

LONE COWBOY, by Will James (*Scribner*). The autobiography of a cowboy and artist.

THE OUTLAW YEARS, by Robert M. Coates (*Macaulay*). The art of murder and robbery on the Southern frontier in the early nineteenth century.


# It may strike you as strange

to think of coffee and sleep at the same time. But you can now drink one of the world's finest coffees—any time, day or night—without disturbing your sleep or nerves.

It is Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee—free from all caffeine effect. Made for the millions of coffee lovers who are denied their favorite drink because of the caffeine. You can drink all the Kaffee Hag Coffee you want—with never a worry about loss of sleep or ragged nerves.

And what wonderful coffee it is! A magnificent new coffee plant, one of the most modern in the world, has been built in Battle Creek. Here Kaffee Hag is roasted from the finest blends of coffee with the caffeine removed. Sealed fresh in vacuum cans so as to reach you with all its delicious flavor and aroma unharmed. Try it and see how soundly and pleasantly you'll sleep!

Kellogg's

KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

the coffee that lets you sleep

A RADIO FEATURE

Every Sunday evening over the Blue network, Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee presents to you the popular Slumber Music, a distinctive program of the sweetest music ever written. Tune in and enjoy it—from 11:00 to 11:30 in the East, 10:00 to 10:30 Central time, and 9:00 to 9:30 Mountain time. Stations—WJZ, WBZA, WBZ, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, WLW, WCFL, KWK, WREN. Also KFI, KOMO, from 10:00 to 10:30; and KOA, 10:30 to 11:00.

# THEY ESTABLISHED STIRRUP-CUP ...AND COOLER SMOKE

These care-free, charming people ... always has it been their lot to discover each new enjoyment of their generation. And so they discovered Spud's cooler smoke. Their pleasure-trained senses found that cooler smoke revolutionized tobacco enjoyment ... that it lifted old-fashioned restraint from modern tobacco appetites ... keeping mouths and throats forever moist-cool and comfortable. Thus, they pioneered in Spud's cooler smoke, and established this generation's delightful new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky.

MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES